

# Maclean's

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# Maclean's

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**Quebec's grand design for a New Order**  
Finally—very privately—the subject of René Lévesque is discussing a proposal that would involve (or attract) the state in every facet of Quebec life. **Page 14**



**The Crali Saveroy** It had so much promise and it made so many promises. But 20 years later it's still losing money, providing only minimal health and welfare benefits to its shareholders. **Page 22**



**A woman of parts** Until a couple of years ago, when she made a television movie called *Belle* and won an Emmy for it, Susan Clark was a good actress with a fair to lose. Fine, overlooking her. **Page 38**



**The S.O.B. of the C.I.A.** If the trouble was had in Spokane before non-baited Admiral Stansfield Turner took command, it's worse now. With "friends" like him, who needs enemies like the CIA? **Page 46**



**Fair stands the wind for Francine Michard** Even with the French left in a state of anarchy, Michard's Socialist Party looks strong enough to make her the next prime minister of France. **Page 52**



**Suiter, little children, ruler and be still** Anyone who thinks of Canadian society as child-controlled will have to think again. In some ways, adults have more power than ever under the law. **Page 64**



# Interview

With Marcel Marceau

Marcel Marceau says he was a born mime. "It happened in the womb!" When he was a young boy in his native Strasbourg, neighborhood children would bang on his door insisting that he come out and entertain them with his Charlie Chaplin impersonations. His father, a kosher butcher, was killed at Auschwitz, and the family eventually moved to Paris where, in 1947, Marceau enrolled in the School for Dramatic Art. He was soon asked by the great Jean-Louis Barrault to join his acting troupe, and there began his work as one, a singularly gifted artist who has dominated—and popularized—worldwide—in the intervening decades.

Marceau is doing imagination and performance rapidly brought him success in his silent art. He developed a stylized set standards for mime. His stage is always the same: bare and black, crisscrossed with white light. His assistant "the presenter of cards," holds up a placard announcing the name of the act and Marceau begins one of his 80 odd mime routines. His down-white face is painted with red makeup and he wears a black and white shaped pullover, white pants and a grey vest. Typically the performance consists half of stylized and half of the experience of life as a downcast but indomitable character that Marceau describes as Charlie Chaplin's younger brother.

Marceau's genius has not gone unrecognized. He has won an American Emmy award and the French government made him a *Chevalier de la Légion d'honneur*. Recently his government gave him a grant to support the international school of mime that he first established in the Sixties, but meanwhile he continues to perform. He is currently playing to sell-out crowds in the United States and Canada—including Haines Place, the Ottawa Arts Centre and Vancouver's Queen Elizabeth Theatre.

Marceau's contributing editor Philip Friedman spoke with Marceau, now in his fifties, in his office in the traditional home of French mime the Comédie-Française in Paris.

**Marceau:** Your work often represents conflict or defiance. How does life in the world with such emotion affect you?

**Marceau:** I think people cannot survive in day-to-day life when they are too emotional because it's a hard world. But an artist creates emotion, and this has nothing to do with the real emotion you have in



People are mistrustful of language because they have always been misled by words

life. It's make-believe. This is why he's a poet.

**Marceau:** So the audience lives emotionally through the artist?

**Marceau:** Yes, that's why the audience has a need to go to the spectacle, to the show. Everyone has to go away from real life, from how to react, to escape from real life, to go to the mountains, or to nature, or to hear music, to listen to poetry or to go to the theatre or the movies—just to dream and to escape a certain quality of life. Of course you have to be emotional, but you must not be overcome by emotion. In the theatre, when an artist recreates emotion, it's stylized. It's to give the feeling of emotion, the feeling of death, the feeling of life

**Marceau:** Then what you do is not your emotionalized process, not something that comes from inside?

**Marceau:** It comes from inside, but it's recreated. It is exactly like Matisse or Roussin or other great modern painters. They capture the reality of what they see, and the emotion comes from the involvement we have with this recreation. So in the theatre it's the stylized idea of death. I do not fall on the floor but standing, and with a drop of a hand and the drop of the hand the public knows I am dead; you see. Everybody knows that it's a pure illusion, but this is the art of theatre: the kind of theatre I do. Fantastic situations up all the struggles of life, the dreams, the frustration, the hopes and every feeling we have. The dramatic impact is not unlike the feeling we get from music.

**Marceau:** Just because words make things concrete that you avoid them?

**Marceau:** Well, I think we are much more poetry. What poetry does is to go away from the real people, from the reality of everyday words, accurate images. Poetry is surrealistic, and often has nothing to do



It was great to see the old gang. Jack was there, also Barry, Smirnoff, Doug, Geoff, and Paul.

Smirnoff is the one that never changes.



# Simple repairs won't keep this nation together; it must be totally rebuilt

Column by John Meisel

The solution to Canada's national crisis ultimately lies not in constitutional revision or economic conditions, but in the hearts of Canadians. There is, however, considerable doubt whether the majority of Canadians really want the country to survive badly enough to make the needed adjustments and possible sacrifices. Canada will therefore be able to survive its present structure and political identity only if a significant number of Canadians undergo a profound change of will about the kind of country they are prepared to build their own.

The required change of will can come about in three conditions: (1) We must gain a relative understanding of the conditions under which the country can survive. (2) We must have to develop the will to bring about the needed conditions. (3) We must have the capacity to act on the basis of the will.

**Understanding.** French Canadians and particularly their leaders will have to become convinced that in the long run the conceivable disadvantages of living in an ethnically heterogeneous state may be less onerous than the burdens and limitations of giving it shape. Francophones can reach this decision only if the conditions for them in Canada are only moderately less than the burdens and limitations of giving it shape.

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English Canadians must realize that the country cannot endure unless they manage to make it a place in which French Canadians feel at home and to which they can turn as a shelter.

We must also realize that the threat to our future does not come only from English-French tensions. Canada would be in trouble even if that issue were resolved. The other challenges—rising unemployment, increasing inequality between the central government and the provinces and the possibility of angry and alienated Americans—all here bearing on how the Quebec-Canada cleavage is to be approached. But each alone is potentially capable of undermining the long-run cohesiveness of Canada as we know it.

A successful resolution of these issues

requires the understanding by Canadians in the central provinces that they have benefited considerably more from existing arrangements than Western or Eastern and that economic and political realities are bringing this situation to an end. On the other hand, it also will depend on the awareness among the now muscle-flexing Westerners that the well-being of all regions is related to the health of the national headship. We must discover how to establish both control over and the legislative



many of our indisputably valuable federal government.

Faithful acceptance of economic and cultural independence must be rejected. The Americanization of Canada, whatever its short-run material benefits may be, is incompatible with the country maintaining a distinctive social system.

**Willingness to Survive.** It will not be easy to develop policies and institutions appropriate for the coexistence of Canada. It can be done only if it will take a long time and it will require dedication, perseverance and sacrifice. The vast majority of Canadians does not, in the interim, want the country to go through anything like the same suffering that would be prepared to suffer the changes needed to prevent it. Resolutions to such initiatives as have been made towards realistic solutions (including the Constitution, protecting linguistic minorities, Canadianizing the economy and culture) suggest that no grand vision has been established to help us eventually find ways and means to achieve our goals.

While numerous associations, firms and

citizens groups are mobilizing in support of a continuing Canada, the leadership provided so far by governments (valued chiefly by premier Blakeney and Harris) and a few elected senators (standing) is, of the whole, quite inadequate, and the extent to which the mobilization of what are mostly middle-class organizations reaches the general public remains to be seen.

Current leadership therefore can be best described with respect to these being a broadly based and constructively directed effort with for the survival of Canada.

**Capacity to Act.** It is possible, of course, that the will is there but that we are simply unable to act upon it. One major reason for this paradox arises from our value system. Canadians are overwhelmingly oriented to principles according to which economic and many other decisions are made in response to the operations of the market. Since we prize economic freedom and unfettered private sector activity, it is often difficult to act in a manner which is constrained to be for the good of the community as a whole.

And yet, if Canada is to persevere as a viable state we may be called upon to take actions which require some economic sacrifice but which may be justified on other grounds—preserving a decent quality of life in certain regions or fostering a sense of mutual aid among Canadians living across the land.

But to act on a realistic basis of making our problems and on the will to survive may require us to change our fundamental values in a manner which gives us the capacity to survive some of the economic and social costs of the market for the sake of less prejudiced and less material goals.

It is possible but also unlikely that Canada's political institutions, economic and social media and its individuals and other private leaders will without us as an alternative to the current system of the economy to overcome all the challenges to the continued existence of the Canadian state as we know (and for the most part) love it. Even a small possibility of success, however, justified that every effort be made towards its achievement.

John Meisel is Deputy, Professor of Political Science at Queen's University.



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# Letters

## Clothes don't make the epoch

The uncensored fashion and sentiments spotlighted in *For Apprentice's Sale* (February 6) make me wonder what could possibly be "good" about looking boring.



Good-looking Harry Bendel and Mira Majar beauty learners that club-dog.

Barbara Aronoff has done a judicious job of examining and explaining the photos run of accused concentration in Slovakia. However, the title dug at the notion of the Serbs come in to see the writer as someone who never understood that period. People may be returning to traditional styles as a result of our shaky economy—but this is hardly a "pretty straightforward" The Serbian revolution of the Serbs was not about being "banned and rewarded," as many it was about relaxing, being open, and about all being honest with yourself. Aronoff makes the concern as

someone that "physical attractiveness" is inherent in the current mode of Englished conformity. Who says? Go ask a periodist. **KIM SARA, TORONTO**

### A question of questions

I was amazed to read the totally uncensored interview with Mircea Eliade (February 6). Begins the misreading of such colorful pages in Middle East history as the "Dear Yasser Arafat," ran the interview from start to conclusion. It was as if Eliade asked the questions. There were many obvious questions which Eliade's ignored; for example, how is it that under the Israeli-designed "autonomous" state for Palestinians that he has enjoyed the freedom to settle substandard while Palestinians must become himself citizens to enjoy the right to Israel? The Israeli don't have to apply for new citizenship. This condition clearly indicates that the Palestinians are subject to oppression which Eliade might refer to as mythical. **DENISE GREEN, QUEBEC, PQ**

### Assignment of Maline

I applied *The Doctor's Dilemma* (February 6) your story on Saskatchewan's most notorious doctor, John Martin. It is one of the best pieces of journalism I have ever read. The images portrayed of Dr. Martin defacing the people alone against the powerful medical elite of Saskatchewan. Indeed, he has long been an advocate of the rights of the oppressed members of society. Martin's story reminds me of the words of philosopher A. Schopenhauer: "Every truth passes through three stages before it is recognized. In the first it is ridiculed, in the sec-

ond stage it is opposed, in the third it is regarded as self-evident." Everyone who has been, is, or may be a parent aware that third stage. **LARRY JAMES, FULLER, SASKATCHEWAN**

### Like eddy without San-shine

In *A Very Curious Joe* (January 23) David Thomas writes that Jacques Parrot was humiliated to learn the news of San Lili's departure from Quebec. Parrot may have been annoyed, but one would have to be pretty glib to believe he was humiliated. In March of 1977 Parrot even threatened the insurance companies in a speech to the Empire Club in Toronto. It is also hard to believe that Thomas Galt told your reporter that the insurance assigned to inform Quebec of San Lili's departure had a doctor's appointment. Finally, the comparison between General Motors and San Lili is irrelevant, the two industries are as different as night and day in market and product. I am sure that if General Motors started having problems saving old models in English for their English customers they would be quick to change their residence. **JACK G. TYRRELL, MISSISSAUGA, ONT.**

### Chances of success

You indeed, *Clover People*. Their Case alone (January 23), whose architectural and engineering skills are being utilized in the centers of the world. Also! Not to disparage the person who, in referring to "Kalamazoo, India," would raise the same question thoughts in the minds of the Nepalese as we have when we hear mention of "Toronto, U.S.A." **MARY GREENAWAY, TORONTO**

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One of those generals, one of those wars. The answer is simple to Alan Fothering, again's question: "Who was the general watching a doctored magazine walk bravely into destruction by German machine-gun fire in World War I, who remarked: 'It is brilliant, but it has nothing to do with soldiers?'" Despite the confusion in *Take A Long Hard Look At The Western Liberal* (Feb. 6), no general said any such thing, to anyone's knowledge. The reference is probably to the famous remark of General Fothering, who said of the charge of the Light Brigade at the battle of Balaklava in the Crimea in 1854, "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre" (It is magnificent, but it is not war) I hope we do get some Liberals elected in Western Canada and that his prediction is so accurate as his question.

PETER STOLLERY, MR. TORONTO, ONTARIO

**Separating the men from the boys**  
In addition to a lack of imagination in your past cars in *One Of The Quietest Signs The Northern Lights Have Seen* (January 23), one of the greatest joys of winter camping in Saskatchewan is the total lack of beer-soaking radio-playing "Dinkiesmen" who, bringing the same old tunes to their plastic palaces, produce an atmosphere in our caravans that is the Canadian National Exhibition. As most camps the severity of our winters is a myth that has been used as an excuse for six months of over-heated idleness. The discomfort of winter camping is usually attributable to a lack of knowledge, preparation and equipment rather than to low temperatures or falling snow.

GEOFF RUSSELL, REGINA

**Safety speaking**  
I was appalled when I read *Safety Last: The Failure Of Proper Equipment* (January 23) to see the extent to which telephone interviews can be taken out of context. To say that half of the one million personal line year were wearing protective equipment is an incorrect interpretation of the following facts conveyed in a telephone interview: (1) for workers with injured feet—57% thought they were wearing protective footwear; and (2) for workers with eye injuries—40% were wearing eye protection of some kind. To report that safety equipment is not adequately tested is to miss the point of the present state of the art. While certification programs exist in Canada there are performance tests of safety equipment in accordance with test procedures documented to Canadian standards. The problem, as I explained it, lies more in the fact that industries requiring the protective equipment have not adequately defined their needs. Your comment that we have a "safety equipment scandal" is gross exaggeration. Dr. Boris Stupnik, the minister of Labor, speaking at the Conference on Protective Equipment, accurately described the situation as a challenge, not a scandal.

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The facts are that deficiencies exist in all facets of the total personal protective equipment system, starting with inadequate design criteria of needs to a lack of feedback to standards committees which would alert designers to make improvements in standards' testing and certification procedures. The purpose of the First Canadian Conference on Personal Protective Equipment was to bring together all elements involved in personal protective equipment—the user, the manufacturer, legislators and safety professionals—to meet the challenge of improving the quality of protective equipment in our industry. The Council on Protective Equipment is being created to ensure that the recommendations made by delegates at this conference are being aggressively pursued.

A LECTURER, ASSISTANT GENERAL MANAGER OF PLANNING-CONSTRUCTION SAFETY ASSOCIATION OF ONTARIO, TORONTO

#### This tramp killed the world

Ugo Karas's *The Amos That Never Fades* (January 25) was a moving and sentimental tribute to Charlie Chaplin. In a year where other showbiz greats, Bing Crosby and Elvis Presley, passed on, many forgot the little Tramp who had the grace to make us laugh and cry at man's misfortunes while he remained optimistic about his own future. I am not saturated to say that when I viewed my first Chaplin film, *The Tramp*, my own eyes welled a bit at



Chaplin in 'Limelight' so much it owed

the misfortune of Chaplin's creation. I noticed that Karas failed to mention the effect on modern film comedy Chaplin was to have. In a recent interview Woody Allen remarked how isolated he was to Chaplin's acting and directing genius.

In a time when art is faced with the possibility of sooner extinction, we should all ponder the words of the little huckster-

presenting Hitler in *The Great Dictator* "Look up, Hannah!" The seed of evil has been sown, and at last he is beginning to fly. He is going into the rubble—into the light of hope. Look up, Hannah! Look up!" The imagination of the year was accurate. The words he spoke in 1940 or thereabouts were perhaps also prophetic hope for what we all might achieve.

BRUNO TULLIO, LONDON, ONT

#### The way they were!

A Critical Look at Jimmy Carter's First Year (January 14) is a strong anti-America issue in many respects. The broad assessment of Jimmy Carter is credible but the historical analogies and generalizations are not. For example, nearly two centuries of government under the American Constitution suggest that the system has evolved despite flaws. Perhaps the United States did not flow from the divine's of power. Rather, they flowed from the national political arena, needs and ideology at various times, and the struggle for power. America has experienced at least three party systems, each responding to changing social conditions. The comments on Jefferson are naive. Jefferson was both a national and partisan leader who used patronage freely. His achievement of pacifying while President was studied popular in such as housing, and his terms of office were not unblemished successes. His embargo against Britain split the country.



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Problems vary in quality. Carter clearly presented too much and now he cannot deliver. But an important aspect to be Prime Minister of Canada would free the same problems.

REGINALD STUART  
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF HISTORY,  
UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA,  
CHARLOTTETOWN

### French off the drawing board

Your article *Architecture: Clever People Don't Consider* (January 21) was most welcome. There are, however, two things I must point out. With our conservative colleagues both supports in Ottawa have, in fact, been completed in Kingston and Montego Bay. Only the airport terminal at Kefau, Afghanistan, has been momentarily delayed. Also, the name of my firm is the Public Partnership.

JOHN P. BAKER, TORONTO

### The first to light

Your readers read J. L. Guzman, author of *900 This Country Knew Last Year: The Story Of The Politics Of Lies* (January 25), may be interested to know that according to Hugh MacLennan, more French Canadians joined the army to fight than Canadian-born English-speaking Canadians. The explanation was that a poor man had but two choices to get ahead—to join the army or to join the clergy.

RUSHLINNEY, HARBERT MILK, ONT.

I believe a Nova Scotian has said he believed Quebec to be the soul of Canada. Well, in the past—perhaps. But since 1978 I believe the true soul of Canada is to be found in those men and women of every race, color, creed and language, who by birth or legal act, proudly stand as Canadians. The explanation was that a poor man had but two choices to get ahead—to join the army or to join the clergy.

MRS. CAROL GAGGARD PARKVILLE, BC

J. L. Guzman's column describes vividly the attitudes of our French-Canadian brethren. If anyone ever was such a person as a true Canadian nationalist, the Frenchman, especially in Quebec, undoubtedly exemplify this. French Canadians are not, as history mistakenly reveals, occupiers; a minority which has no significance or importance to them. This attitude is interchangeable with many other ethnic groups who now reside within Canadian borders. Although I feel there is no danger for Quebec's French, the British symbol and ideology which applies to our country is clearly resisted by many.

JOYCE DEL RAINO, WILSON, ONT.

Congratulations on publishing J. L. Guzman's contribution to *The Referendum Debate*. It's probably one of the most important articles you have ever published. It would I could say our country had learned its lessons that your article will help.

ALLEN BURNHAM, RAINFORTH, ALAB.

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# Canada

## Quebec: a grand design for a New Order



The mood was deceptively subdued when Premier René Lévesque laid out his grand strategy for the Parti Québécois' second Three Speeches. The only flash of nationalism (Quebec came courtesy from Louisbourg Governor Jacques Laperrière) The Queen's Quebec press conference opened the new legislative session in the freshly decorated National Assembly by remarking that the cool blue paint being the old green of the chamber's walls was "an agreeable reminder of our origins in the days of New France."

The Premier's inaugural address was so mild in its concentration on economic matters that it forced opposition parties to find an alternative means of focusing the government's administrative conservatism. But that was because they like the people of Quebec and of Canada had no raking of the profound implications of forthcoming policy which the Premier has learned in reading less than a blueprint for a future independent state of Quebec. Although innocently described as a policy for "cultural development," the 300-page white paper is not a new order, since by the 70 cultural would mean a new Quebec in which the degree of state control would surpass anything known in North America. Communications, labor relations, housing and health as well as the obvious domains of education and the arts, are treated in elements of national vision directing direct government planning and guidance. The document even trends on the sensitive issue of consociationalism of Quebec's minority groups into the mainstream of French society.

When Malin's confirmed the white paper's sponsor, Cultural Development Minister Camille Laurin, he admitted his plans are "much more interesting and important than the language policy." In fact, concerned Laurin, whose *Chaire de la francophonie* was widely sharpened as a major act of de facto separation, the new white paper is of much more scope than its recommendations will take 15 years to implement. It is nothing less than Quebec's Declaration of Independence—a full year before the referendum is due to be held. Besides contents of the white paper's 19



Laurin, inspiring independence as a left acceptor, and moving on to the retail step

chapters are intended to render a total of the cultural approach, one of the 130 specific measures recommended. But Laurin's political role may come in this week.

The policy's overall strategy is to reconstruct the aspects of Quebec that already set it apart from the rest of the continent. Interestingly the authors of Quebec's policy of cultural independence state that the whole issue of foreign ownership of the economy (except in areas directly related to communications and the arts) which so preoccupy Canadian nationalists. American investment in Quebec has rarely been treated in unfavourable Quebec's view, and partly because U.S.-based multinationals have been quicker than English-Canadian firms to adopt French as a working language. Though it may be greeted as a surprise, you or by some hard-core observers, the policy is to be backed up by a series of tough laws some of them already being drafted. (If Laurin's language legislation can be revised as a precedent, the cultural white paper's mission through legislative aid to law will only serve to strengthen its government.) The white paper

proposes an end to human-fort evolution of Quebec society and the introduction of social planning—inspired on a massive scale—through the word *planification* is used only once because of its alien may to true believers in the private enterprise system. Laurin said that opposition for his mission was as simple as Europe—excluding countries in the Commonwealth. But to ensure that the role of the Quebec government in planning social development will depend on initiative rather than compulsion. "There is a middle way between 'laissez-faire' and authoritarianism."

The economy is not treated directly by the policy paper, but since it is the government's definition of culture permeates virtually all human activity, the conditions of doing business in Quebec would be significantly altered. Worker participation in management of their employers' firms is advocated in the white paper, which says West Germany's new compulsory co-management laws is a model. Another direct intervention in the economy will come as one of the first concrete measures recommended: a state corporation is to be created this year to complete airport or jobs with private publishers, record companies and other firms within what the government calls the "cultural industries." Government's involvement in publishing is seen as the best way to reduce what is termed as the scandalously high price of French-language books in Quebec, most of which are printed in France and sold in Montreal for up to 10 times the price of an equivalent paperback in English. The alleged prohibition of French publishers is seen as one of the causes for Quebecers' diminished reading habits.

Purchase of Quebec, Jacques and his peers in works by American and English.



ready independence, and threat of Canada

Two planned moves in the critically important communications industry are also clearly designed to lead Quebec further down the path to sovereignty. Creation of a Quebec news agency to replace the French service of Canadian Press and a dramatic upgrading of the state television network at Radio-Québec to compete with the five other firms in the province of maintaining the influence on Quebecers of constitutional networks controlled from English Canada. The news agency would be independent of government but, as was the case with Canadian Press, owned cooperatively by Canadian daily newspapers. The new national funding could include state money. Canadian Press Toronto head office controls the

French service budget and assumes the financing of its French employees by requesting contributions and financial contributions in English only.

When Laurin first handed the draft of the white paper to Lévesque, the premier was taken aback by the all-encompassing meaning his culture minister and his adviser had allowed in culture. As a former journalist, the premier was particularly nervous about the chapter dealing with state involvement in the communications media, a domain Lévesque clearly knows more to much than anyone else in government. Fearing that media independence would be compromised by some of the measures proposed, he sent the chapter back to Laurin for reworking.

The cultural white paper was presented to the Parti Québécois' council last month and was accepted by a vote of 10 to 2. The document is not only the first document to be discussed by the direction in which it would affect Quebec, but by the conflicts it was certain to cause with federal jurisdictions and with politicians among provincial departments. The document involves not virtually every minister's territory including social affairs, obesity, alcoholism, smoking and drug use, for example are treated in cultural problems with cultural

solitaires. It also is also pulled in the heart of cultural tradition. Schools, the policy states, should be given the added vacation of celebrating national day and national holidays.

Though Lévesque and Laurin must bear political responsibility for the policy, the analysis of Quebec society and a prescription of salutary measures are actually the work of Fernand Dumont. Recognized as the father of Quebec, sociology and a widely respected when he presented his 1964 book, *Local University*, published was so-called for its temporary date in Laurin's main adviser. The two men have been friends for years and long shared the conviction that radical state reform was greatly needed to break Quebec free from what they claim is cultural oppression resulting from two centuries of English domination. Dumont was also a key officer of the language policy whose political success has made his partnership with Laurin even more formidable. Though Dumont's early commitments to Quebec's independence and his definition of himself as a socialist might inspire many non-Quebecers within the province his strong Roman Catholic faith and intellectual rigour make him a convincing figure to those who might otherwise choose to reject separation from Canada.

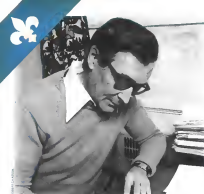
Dumont's white paper treatise on the "Euro-American nature of Quebec's culture" is not only the most coherent and eloquent argument ever in the case for independence. Like many Quebec intellectuals, he has been criticized for his definition of himself as a socialist might inspire many non-Quebecers within the province his strong Roman Catholic faith and intellectual rigour make him a convincing figure to those who might otherwise choose to reject separation from Canada.

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In new circumstances that the referendum battle—expected for 1975—over Quebec's status will be dominated by the white paper. In fact its essential purpose is to show Quebecers why they should choose independence and what they could achieve with it. The policy documents, Dumont explains, "cover the period that includes independence. Perhaps even will say





we should have wasted before pursuing a project like this, but I don't believe as independence must have substance. It is not simply the winning of political tools that will render us more autonomous—no, no. There must be a reason Schindt is in.

In other words, we must know exactly why we want independence: the project must be substantiated first, and we must begin to apply it within our existing laws and institutions. Without that, independence will seem like an empty political statement.

Some commentators in Quebec's society and economy are likely to multiply too fast, so when constitutional solutions are finally chosen, Quebec already has the most expensive and worst future and the greatest public involvement in the country anywhere in North America. The moderate democratic socialism is a legacy of past governments which rapidly had to replace education and welfare institutions once opened efficiently and cheaply by the Church. At the same time, the Church's weakening grip forced the state to take over the means of ensuring the future of the language and traditions of the population. State intervention is more readily accepted in Quebec than in English North America where, first in free-market individualism, then in massive private control of the economy. Business was treated by the Quebec elite as a rather dangerous occupation better left to the English.

Dunsmuir acknowledges the danger of too much state interference and wants to

ensure there will be few losers in the action: the state won't have business in

strengthen the presence of French Quebecers in the private sector as a counter-balance against an overbearing bureaucracy. But his language policy is, he says, designed to do just that. French can be made the language of work only by creating a new class of French administrators and free enterprises.

To Europeans, the Quebec cultural development policy and an unbroken series of interventions will appear absurd. In France, for example, the state grew into an omnipresent authority, directing almost every aspect of economic growth through a series of five-year plans. The French bureaucracy stifling controls over the political content of television and radio. Recently the French government has taken on the defense of the consumer and has even begun subsidizing small businesses for the needy and the elderly. Declared President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing recently: "When holidays and spending were confined to the individual, they were none of our business. But now that they affect the masses, as they do in the industrial democracies, it's the state's duty to channel them along the proper lines."

Once Quebecers digest their government's cultural development policy, they will understand that the choice of independence implies more than a seat at the United Nations and a change in the colors of the map. The republic of Quebec as envisioned by the government would use its own powers to build a society in which the state is a guiding force, not merely a servant of the people. DAVID THOMAS

## OTTAWA

### They're at the post

Heavy attendance in a false start, but Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau kicked off the 1993 federal election late last month with a highly personal speech to 350 cheering Liberals. Speaking without first or twice for 30 minutes, alone on a platform with out desks or lecterns, Trudeau gave the delegates at the Liberals' annual convention in Ottawa a peek at the party's campaign theme for the as-yet-unscheduled election: the country as a whole, as opposed to what the majority and all first in line is called "the way to be strong and united." Then he launched into a flat-out attack on the Opposition "democracy" by denouncing prominent Conservatives like George Meen and Alvin Hamilton as "representatives of the Democratic culture" and respected New Democrat leader Tommy Douglas and Stanley Knowles as "left over from the Depression days." The Liberals loved it and the campaign was on. Almost.

The Liberal game plan all along has been to roll an election this month for late May or early June, and last month's convention was supposed to be the launching pad for campaign chairman Keith Dorey's great bid to get the party in a position to win a majority in the next election. But the Liberal support in the Gallup poll as the central issue emerged from internal unity in the economy. The December Gallup poll showed the Liberals and Conservatives just eight percentage points apart, down from the 24-point lead the Liberals enjoyed last summer. Gallup did not publish a January poll due to an error in assembly, but Carleton University's opinion poll showed that a new poll found the Liberal lead had narrowed still further—to just four percentage points. The election being in that poll for the Liberals was that Trudeau personally seemed well ahead of Conservative Leader Joe Clark, an indication the Liberals would win a campaign that focuses on leadership.

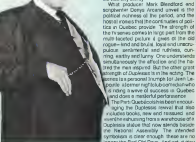
Trudeau, the center of work during the Liberals' convention: election fever



## They're reviving the great 'Chef' of Quebec

On the eve of the opening of the Quebec National Assembly, critics went around the Place Gellery waiting anyone who had missed the second episode of Duplessis to a special screening organized by the premier's office. While not many other Quebecers have such an opportunity to catch up on the show, they are doing their best to watch the CBC's French network on Wednesday nights at nine so they can be enlightened—and, often astonished—by a seven-week dramatization of Maurice Le Noblet Duplessis, Quebec premier between 1936 and 1939 and from 1944 until his death in 1959. No mere politician, Duplessis has become the body politic in Quebec and has been compared in its life to the phenomenon of Robert

Duplessis, who possesses every sense was equally dominant in Quebec. He was the founder of the Union Nationale, he won the corrupt Liberal government out of office in 1936, he replaced it with a radical one that was equally corrupt, brutally anti-labor and a force for reactionary nationalism. When the Liberals were re-elected in 1960 and gave birth to the so-called Quiet Revolution, they largely a



Le Noblet Duplessis deeply rooted

new, more progressive nationalism, and in the process built the empire that the New World began in Quebec in 1960. The fact that every of the problems that preoccupy

Quebec, which has grown more deeply into the Quebec crisis, now and wants to move the debate outside where he can make the difference. Trudeau would like the Opposition to present him with an issue and he would be happy to take it on. He would be happy to bring up the Alaska pipeline bill. But the Conservatives would not touch it and would for the bill on second reading. Still, an open election call seems unlikely in Trudeau.

It could turn out to be the country's most crucial vote since the war, with the voters having to face instead decisions on the economy and national unity. But despite the importance of the election, both the Liberals and Conservatives are having difficulty attracting new candidates. Even where the two parties are recruiting well they are threatening to knock off each other. Such is the case in Toronto's Kennedy riding where the Liberals failed to run. University of Toronto president John Evans and the Conservatives are expected to counter with Toronto mayor David Crombie. In Quebec the Tories took a big swing in the election of 1980, but in English Canada the Liberals, with John Turner and David Mackenzie, are looking for replacements. Louis Bouchard, chairman of the Council on Canadian Unity, is a possible Conservative candidate in Quebec and the Liberals are still

Quebec's only were equally present in the years that have been written off as the "Great Depression" (the book again) is a revelation to the majority of Quebecers who are too young to remember Duplessis with any clarity.

What producer Mark Steinfeld and scriptwriter George Aronson aimed at the political history of the period, and the historical roots that the continuity of politics in Quebec provide. The strength of the film comes in large part from the multi-faceted picture it gives of the old Quebec—land and people, loyal and unpopulous, sentimental and ruthless, cunning, earthy and funny. One understands simultaneously the effect on and the hatred the men inspired. But the other great strength of Duplessis is in the way. The genre is a personal insight into Jean-Louis Lapointe, a personal insight into a man who is riding a wave of success in Quebec and does a masterful performance.

The first Quebec film has been encouraging. The Duplessis himself that also includes books, new and reissued, and even the enduring from a warehouse of Duplessis statue that now stands beside the National Assembly. The intended symbolism is clear enough: these are no longer the bad old days. And yet, it is turned out that the movie is not as successful as it is. The dramatic image of the long-dead premier has a profound mythological force. And once myths of this stature are unleashed, they have ways of linking on their creators. GARY MARSHALL

trying to win former Manitoba premier Ed Schreyer.

Regardless, the election will resolve some of the issues that have been causing his second decade in power. If he wins, he may just be around for another decade. That depends on René Lévesque. "After he's gone," said Trudeau in a CBC interview last month, "there if the prime minister want as much as I do to see it." JACK HENRY

## MONTREAL

### Such good friends

After René Lévesque walked out early from the first Montreal meeting at Ottawa—their first meeting at which he had refused to join in any consensus with other governments since his election in November, 1986—there were not high hopes for an agreement with the premier. But at Montreal a week later to discuss language rights. However, the mood was more conciliatory. Early in the day Lévesque had unexpectedly left Quebec Premier William Davis to the aid of the federal government to go on the Sun Life building. And at the end of the day, Lévesque joined New Brunswick Premier Robert Stanfield, chairman of the meeting, in praising the accord.

All the premiers had a right to feel strong



They had successfully produced me a superb principle without committing themselves to anything concrete. They agreed on the night of any child in a minority language group—English speaking in Quebec, French speaking in the rest of Canada—in education in his or her mother tongue when members wanted. However, in a quick session that so quickly indicated the impact of the declaration, they also agreed that each person has the final say in power to define that right—and to defend how it can be exercised.

Members who left August in St. Andrews, New Brunswick, had been shocked

by the restrictions in Quebec's Bill 101, a high-level English Canada was turning to Quebec to send their children to French schools, slipped out the door murmuring platitudes about "progress," while Hatfield and Levesque told reporters that each province now understood much better the problems the other province faced. The result was a kind of mutual reassurance pact. Quebec, in effect, has agreed not to

contest the status of the telephone instrument in other provinces. Levesque even declared himself to be "aggravably surprised" by the progress made in extending French schools outside Quebec. At the same time the other provinces have agreed not to contest Quebec's Bill 101, and have said they will do their best to increase the number of French schools.

However, nothing in the agreement forces the provinces to move any faster. While some French schools have been extended, Ottawa has refused pressure to declare French an official language in Ontario, and letters to his office have supported his stand. Obviously fearing a backlash, he is moving as quickly as possible on the issue. "He knows his province," said an insider. "He's about ready to sign." With the great victory for the status quo, it was clear that none of the other provinces was going to stir anything up either.

CHRISTOPHER HARRIS

## CALGARY

### Rouges' gallery

The eager throng would have warmed the walls of any commercial art dealer when well-lit parties gathered in Calgary last month for an annual exhibition of paintings, sculptures and carved jade. The exhibitors were the Calgary police and their married guests and mostly showed a sense of déjà vu, since the whole show had been seen there three or four years ago over the past 18 months. Total value of the lot is more than three million dollars. University of Calgary psychology professor Raymond Bering, 39, and high-school teacher Ernest McLeod, 35, were charged with breaking and entering. Both are possession of stolen property.

Police aren't saying what prompted them to pay a call on the coordinator art gallery in a Calgary home, but they won't

admit "reporting on time and not under the influence of drugs or alcohol"—the eligible for the passes.

One night last month, 30 inmates supposed to be serving intermittent time were turned away. When news of the anti-theft raid in Vancouver's Vancouver Museum about public reaction. We know there is a concern that we're turning an loose like it was a field day for them," he said, and one guard reported the prison driveway often closed. Also Stanley Park on a Sunday afternoon. As the men, weeks or get inside in tow, drive up, head out and report to the gate with their jackets and tape placed (just in case they have to drive). "Anybody getting out tonight?" has become the standard way they announce their arrival. "You're a winner. But I didn't get a guard to one night's sleep!" said another inmate, who had served only two of 15 weeks for 11 counts of theft and breaking and entering cited. "Why, this is no deterrent," then bounded off into the free night air. JACOB HARRIS



Howard and Jossart, a piece of jade that was part of the loot the best of taste

deny an insurance reward of \$50,000 they have sacked in a search. They may argue they found a dozen array of paintings by members of the Group of Seven and other trail heads, unique landscapes, Eskimo carvings. Personal rings, ornate crystal and rare coins. They also found something that led to another home in Port Moody and policy say art dealer in Vancouver also involved. "The dealers were certainly selective," said Sergeant Wick McQueen. "They were going in and stealing specific articles—as though they were being asked."

One of the major items included \$500,000 worth of antiquities and jade from the home of Calgary oil baron Tom Brook, one of the many wealthy Westerners who contribute to the savings of insurance companies operating in any where insurance is a way of life. Clearly the widening the theft should have caught show-off collectors a thing or two and though the seizures may have softened the focus another aspect of the affair could only have been laid out between eyes. Several of the paintings had been insured and insured which could lower their value by as much as 50%.

As a house was searched on the activities of the police, a private collector called the police shortly after the looting of the raid. The man, Dave Howard, reported that he had often found jewelry and other valuable items in his house but the house had been stolen in "The people were throwing out jewelry

right left and center," and police superintendent Ernest Remer. "It seems if they didn't like it or couldn't give it away, they merely dumped it. It came to the point where [Howard] was disappointed if he didn't find anything." Although Remer said "he was an amateur, and who generally thought the jewelry was discarded," his remark seemed, putting things at any rate. Remer turned over Howard's house into— and then ended the career of Calgary's vandalism art collector.

STANLEY HARRIS

## OTTAWA

### Playing with your food

The 1,200 men and women farmers who bused downtown to Ottawa for the food strategy meeting were fed up. Many have only concluded that farming is no longer a reward of a way to make a living. Packed into two halls at the Château Laurier last last month, the farmers, part of the Ontario Federation of Agriculture, were angry over cheap food prices. As one suggested, "Consumers shouldn't complain over rising food prices with their mouths full."

Just across the street, in the post conference Centre, 400 delegates were gathering for the National Food Strategy Conference. Their mandate was to come out a coherent federal food policy, rather than the ad hoc and often conflicting policies now established. Organized by federal officials, the conference was heralded as the first time all sections of the food industry—producers, processors, distributors, retailers, consumers, federal and provincial officials—were represented under one roof.

Cautious not to upset the apple cart, the

farmers staged their meeting as a "conference" rather than a "consumer conference," though federation president Peter Huxman warned "Let's not let the government get away with just talking, because we need some action and we need it fast."

Talk-like head-line was issued, but plentiful during the four years that have been taken up trying to shape a national food strategy. Farmers consider a farm member Herb Gray believes that "at best, the process of development seems to have been, and continues to be, slow and laborious." A food strategy was first proposed by the Liberals in 1974. Three speeches when the government announced it was developing a policy based on guaranteeing equivalent value to producers or, and only high prices for consumers.

Meanwhile, since 1974, food prices have increased by some 40%. The farm sector is quick to insist that only 13.8% of the Canadian consumer's disposable income is spent on food compared to 19% in the



Whelan (right) and a Canadian cattle farmer (below) telling the world that beef is



## Well, it does out down on jailbreaks

The word is out about British Columbia's California prison: it doesn't have any renovations. Because of overcrowding, people sentenced to weekends are checking in Friday nights and are promptly given the whole weekend off. Prison director Henry Bamerson admits that constitutes light punishment for crimes ranging from drink driving to theft and fraud, and that the situation "may not exactly be what the courts had in mind, but you have to remember these people get sentenced to weekends for a reason. Most of them are family people working for a living. More over, prison officials maintain that of the 100-odd people doing "intermittent" terms—only those who have been in for several weekends and behaved them-



Bamerson and a temporary absence from "easy time" taken on a whole new meaning

Partners in the British Columbia Government are the first to be sentenced to weekends for crimes ranging from drink driving to theft and fraud, and that the situation "may not exactly be what the courts had in mind, but you have to remember these people get sentenced to weekends for a reason. Most of them are family people working for a living. More over, prison officials maintain that of the 100-odd people doing "intermittent" terms—only those who have been in for several weekends and behaved them-

United States. Their own farms produce more steadily declined. The 1977 estimates are that net farm incomes will be \$3.3 billion, 11% lower than 1976. Forecasts for 1978 are \$3.1 billion. Until some useful policy is implemented, both farmers and consumers continue to be the losers.

The delay in establishing a food strategy rests, in part, with Agriculture Minister Eugène Welton, who has long argued that the government's agricultural policy alone was food policy enough. Only recently has Welton agreed on the need for a comprehensive scheme involving all sectors, including overseas. Bickering has been frequent between Welton and a rapid remover of consumer minister, the latest being Warren Allmand, but harmony of a kind, now seems established, which replaces Welton's change of heart.

Most delegates agreed the conference was useful, if only to get all heads talking to each other. Irresistibly, some saw the get-together as mere protectionism gallopade. And there was serious worry on the fact that on the very day the conference began, the government dropped its skim-milk subsidy program. Even though that meant the price of powdered milk will increase 34 cents a pound to an average of \$1.17, the government had requested to consult not only processors, but the Consumers' Association and the Dairy Farmers of Canada as well.

JEANNE LABRECQUE

## NOVA SCOTIA

### Maybe the sky is falling?

The universe is not unfolding as it should. The world's weather has turned defective, a mutation of its former self. Fish catches are down, the result (possibly) of Soviet aggressiveness on the high seas that has disrupted the economy of fish—in this case the \$4000 catches of Barrington Township, Nova Scotia—are the dirty snow boots, unscuffed and perhaps unsalvageable at least that, since early December, have sent cats and dogs scurrying for shelter under stolen foundations and left residents along the north shore petrified and afraid.

"You can't imagine how bad they are until you've experienced one," says Hattie Perry, Barrington's long-haired woods waker. "I don't mind admitting that it makes you a little scared." Mrs. Perry is not alone. In January, she recorded more than 200 "beings" in her daily log book, which chronicles the tides, glaucous, and anatomy of each blow. The book narrates, where the air is thick, Charley Spence of Cape Sable Island saw his ship over the edge. Early Chetwynd thought his mother-in-law had fallen out of bed, and 14-year-old Beverly Smith suffered vertigo and headache for a day. From Shelburne in the Yarmouche, daily conversations has turned from the size of the lobster catch to the same and dismal level of the latest boom.

Similar bangs off the southwest coast of England and along the western shores of



Illustration by [illegible]



Smith: cat everybody loves a mystery

the United States from New Jersey to the Carolinas, have brought demands for high-level investigations. So far, scientists have failed to relate a definite cause, but theories abound.

• The methane gas theory. Dr. Thomas Gold of Cornell University says the booms may be caused by methane escaping from the earth's crust and creating an contact with atmosphere a tertiary.

• The earthquake theory. It argues that booms heard in Charleston, South Carolina on December 15 may have been linked to two mild earthquakes recorded that day.

• The microwave theory. It suggests that the Soviets, seeking to deflect the extent of Canada's 200-mile fishing limit, are beaming microwaves from nuclear-powered satellites, causing fish to swim beyond the 200-mile zone and simultaneously emitting the offending booms.

• The tilt theory. Despite some gaps, this remains the most likely and most logical explanation. Some 80% of the Nova Scotia booms occurred, roughly, with the tides during which the Concordia was exposed to seas—60,000 feet up and 30 to 40 miles away—from Port or London in New York or back again. The first Merchant boats were reported last summer, when the Concordia was servicing Washington more significantly the frequency and severity of the explosions increased in the fall, when British Airways and Air France finally won permission to land in New York.

Until recently the booms have been thought to lead to be simple some booms. But now scientists have embraced a completely different concept explanation. Since some booms are cone-shaped, as if heat waves of the sound travel upward dissipating into the atmosphere. Under adverse conditions—high winds and a reversal of normal temperature gradients—some waves may bend backward toward the earth. When superimposed in great force in space, some microorganisms can lead, the boom carpet folds over itself, amplifying the boom and focusing it toward a specific point. The noise on the ground may be five times louder than an ordinary boom boom.

Canadian officials needed a similar conclusion and asked the U.S. Federal Aviation Authority to seek changes in the Concordia's flight pattern, the changes came into effect February 20 that the booms haven't stopped and the good citizens of Barrington Township and surrounding about the things that go boom in the night when the Concordia is not flying remain unconvinced. "I hope it is the Concordia," says Sidney Smith, light-house keeper on Cape Sable Island. "A lot of people think we're making a big noise about nothing, but we've had no answers and I just don't want those booms to go away until we prove what they are."

MICHAEL POHNER

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# The Cruel Seaway

It promised so much, delivered so little

By David Thomas

The deathly breath of winter has petrified the mid-continent's artery to the open sea. Ballek co-bunkies of the Canadian Coast Guard will soon their rough, red boots through clots of ice and chain to maneuver a ship channel to Montreal, but above the city the St. Lawrence Seaway that inaugurates Canada's economic and national pride is in suspended animation. This winter's freeze ended a shipping season

that brought more goods than ever through that system of locks and canals. But the year also saw the dissolution of some good myths held by Canadians: even since that sunny day in June 1959, when the royal yacht Britannia opened the fabulous new waterway to the heart of a continent. Now, a less than two decades, the Seaway is being acknowledged as a financial failure, its promise provides little out of na-

tional unity but of more division. Great Lakes cities reveal averting the hoped-for economic miracles and, instead of the "road between Americans and Canadians" anticipated by the late prime minister Louis St. Laurent, the Seaway has

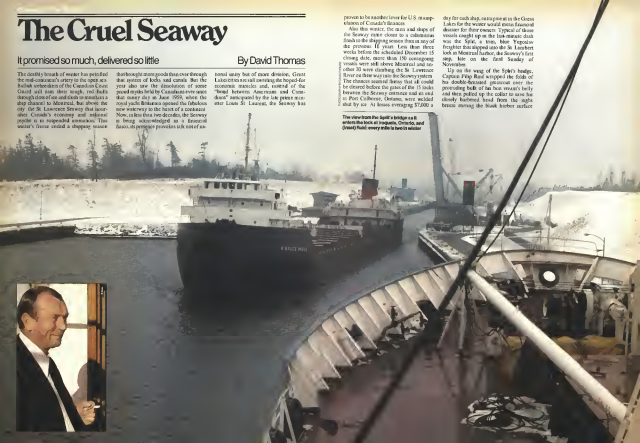
proven to be neither lever for U.S. incorporation of Canada's finances.

Also this winter, the seas and ships of the Seaway (river close to a calamitous death in the shipping season than in any of the previous 11 years. Less than three weeks before the scheduled December 15 closing date, more than 150 seagoing vessels were still above Montreal and another 30 were idling the St. Lawrence River on their way into the Seaway system. The chances seemed slim that all could be cleared before the gates of the 15 locks between the Seaway entrance and as far as Port Colborne, Ontario, were sealed shut by ice. At losses averaging \$7,000 a

day for each ship, some gave up in the Great Lakes for the winter would mean financial losses for their owners. Typical of those vessels caught up in the last-minute dash was the *Spirit*, a liner, blue Yugoslav freighter that slipped into the St. Lawrence lock in Montreal harbor, the Seaway's first step, late on the first Sunday of November.

Up on the wing of the *Spirit's* bridge, Captain Filip Radic stripped the folds of his double-breasted, pleated over the prevailing bulk of his bow, vessel's belly and then pulled up the collar to save his closely buttoned head from the high breeze moving the black harbor surface

The view from the *Spirit's* bridge as it enters the lock at Jacques, Ontario, and (right) field, every mile is two in winter







some lighty warriors. The approaching look appeared much too serious a squabble, but Raif knew there was plenty of room for the ship's 6,000 tons. This was his life's first trip up the Seaway since 1966 and the climb down the Atlantic, through Quebec, New York and Ontario, was worn of its romance. "Don't like the Seaway. Too many problems. Too much traffic. Every trip gets worse."

Raif's dark mood was justified. First of

Auker squeezing through the lock at St. Lambert, Quebec, narrow vessel beautiful.

all, he shouldn't have even been on that ship. The Spirit's regular captain was called away because of fun-farm in his family and Raif, respectively on an extended vacation in Yugoslavia, was flown to Naples to take over command. Then the weather forecast had been wronging ever since his ship had penetrated the continent four

days earlier, bound for Montreal, Toronto and Chicago with steel, bunkers, iron, tin and chrome loaded aboard in Naples, Naples, Barcelona and Valencia. By the time the berthed in Montreal, prospects of missing the ice were all ready to sink that the Toronto ship was cancelled, at an estimated loss of \$20,000, and the Montreal stevedores worked through Friday night to clear the hold of Toronto cargo. A harbor pilot was due aboard in the early morning to guide the Spirit to the Seaway entrance, but it was snow that came instead. In fact, on Friday, Raif's that flooded the ship's red deck. By Sunday, the day had blazed and the return coming days of a frigid sun bounced about the glassed spaces of Montreal like charged lightning in a perfect mirror. But still there was no traffic on port. "Very bad news. Very bad," frowned the captain, seated at his cabin desk under a portrait of an imposing, young Marshall Tito, repeatedly gripping the wheel as the ship was suddenly uncoupled by their chase. "Too much wind. Seaway is closed."

Because their lowering superstitions believe like avian birds, so winter ships can be bashed about the narrow locks by stiff gusts like those that were bearing down the St. Lawrence Valley. The Yugoslavian master not quite, although a sailor before starting back down to a laughing now of figures that told of the Spirit's worst. "Every day like fine costs in another \$40,000." By the time the wind had

## Fair Lady to Fair Deal

Fair lady of the 1500's lived in a charming fashion! Her worth measured solely by the attention she and her dowry could attract from men, she put her faith in "finesse of face, fairness of form, fine manners, and good humour" and cherished the dream of a marriage that would vault her up the social ladder to a life of security.

Discouraged from entering most trades, and without skills or knowledge of money matters, she depended on the generosity of others and "charmed for her life." Peasant or princess, until lately, woman's only assurance of the future, was marriage.

Today's fair lady works a fair deal. Many of today's women choose to "fend for themselves" and recognize they



can no longer afford "demure innocence" in money matters. Taking the future firmly into their own hands, they are making great strides from dependence to independence and undertaking responsibility for the plans and decisions for their future security that up until now had been left to men.

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dropped and the Spirit was floating a sword on water rushing through sails and masts into St. Lambert lock. Rand knew his voyage was heading for disaster if not in the next days at least on the balance sheet.

The Spirit's sprint into the Seaway was timed to a halt before dawn. Without warning, fog quickly plugged Lake St. Francis, forcing ships to drop anchor before dawn. Beasted, they waited for word to carry off the condensed water vapor lifting in steamy puffs from the flat steel gray surface and freezing to sugarcoat their rigging and the varnished wooden masts looping around their decks. To starboard of the Spirit, an Indian trader named Vishay Tej faded in and out of ghostly sight as the fog thinned to torn slices and then thickly close to again. Those the Spirit charged worriedly about only to drop back within a lane. A ship that literally weathers across dunes, violent sea gorges in the crowded, one-lane Seaway like a blind man in a busy narrow street. The risk of early water and rising mist could be limited by deployment of an automatic electronic guidance system that would permit ships to proceed when bad weather rules out the sight of warning channel buoys. The technology is available but the money isn't.

Last Tuesday evening, Seaway control spun over marine radio an anxious message for all ships. "Conditions in the Seaway are deteriorating rapidly. It may not be possible to clear all ships from the Seaway by the closing date [17 days away]. Unless all vessels begin an immediate and orderly exit, there is a very strong possibility a large number of occupying ships will be trapped in the Great Lakes for the winter. Masters must accept responsibility for their decisions." Captains aboard the long domestic lake were not hampered by the same fear of entrapment plaguing at Rand and the other masters of saltwater ships. The lakemen like torped water snakes, slither through the system until freeze-ups, before claiming for the winter and not really caring where the ice will catch them. Once it hits, they head for the nearest shelter and dawdle till spring, floating stockpiles of grain and ore.

Unfettered by the advice to turn back, the Spirit, as soon as visibility was restored Wednesday night, moved westward through the St. Regis lock to reserve into damaged waters. Both Quebec and Ontario coast the Great Lakes in the river where the previous meet. The border has never been surveyed and, last autumn, Mohawk Indians added their own claim to the islands which edge the Seaway channel. Just past the Indian community, a narrow run the St. Lawrence up the forward mist where for the next 60 miles at the channel crossed the border between Ontario and New York, a fingered and snarled alongside the Maple Leaf. With two locks inside the United States, the Seaway is often cited as proof of Canadian-American cooperation. Strongly within Canada itself, it is more often cited as an asset of

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# THE HONDA PHILOSOPHY MAKES MORE SENSE WITH EACH PASSING YEAR.

Leading automotive writers have variously referred to the Honda Civic as "a revolution on wheels," "an almost mystical experience," "the perfect antidote to the gasoline shortage and runaway prices."

The success of this car can only be termed a phenomenon. But all this did not just happen.

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as most other cars on the same amount of gas.  
(And so it saves regular gas, you save again.)

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An international automotive authority once referred to the space utilization of the Honda Civic as "marvellous." And indeed, the Civic interior provides an astonishing amount of space and comfort for a car in its class range.

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And when you come back with a smile on your face, don't say we didn't warn you.



The information herein applies to a 1979 4-speed Honda Civic 1.6 liter, equipped with the standard engine. Figures are based on Transport Canada approved test methods. Your performance will vary depending on driving conditions, car loadings and car condition. Copyright 1979 Honda of Canada Mfg. Ltd.



United States refused since the Seaway opened to make ships pay their way by increasing tolls. With only a quarter of the total investment in Seaway construction, the U.S. government rejected Canadian plans for higher tolls and thereby produced a pit for American business at the expense of Canadian taxpayers. At last, Washington ceded and tolls will be raised next season, but not by an immediate doubling as Canada wanted. Instead, the increase will be spread over three years.

The Seaway was very nearly an all-Canadian venture. American railways and ocean ports lobbied for years against U.S. backing for a direct sea route to the continental heartland. But when one-on-one negotiations of the Great Lakes were depleted, powerful local interests began to force a water route between the new Labrador and Quebec ore fields and the Chicago-Wabash. Thus, and Canada's determination to go it alone if necessary, brought in Washington's money and power. By June, 1959, the ditch was dug and the Brittanians cheered through the Seaway channels, still murky gray from the dredging of the river and lake bottoms. On board, squawking in the sun and waving enthusiastically down to the fields of sailboats, rowboats and dinghies peering perilously in the wakes of the royal vessel and her escorting destroyers, stood Queen Elizabeth II, President Dwight D. Eisenhower and Prime Minister John Diefenbaker. The world was coming to Canada and an age of progress



**Poguesland in Lake St. Lawrence was this delay unavoidable? Technologically, no.**

had started with the new Seaway. Then, suddenly, nothing happened.

Promoted as a magical way to create a shortcut inside the continent, the Seaway was deemed so obviously attractive that the cost of construction looks would be easily recovered through tolls. Someone had

not so much as that often all around the Great Lakes began ambitious port facilities, pumping themselves up like small-town bar girls expecting an international dancer's attention. What they got in fact was more like a rumormongering of the local Legion branch. Only about 10% of Seaway tonnage is in central cargo. The rest is ore, grain, coal, oil and other bulk freight that would have traveled by rail and smaller ve-

*Northrop's new engine flight used prototype of the land-based CF-18L and the U.S. Navy F-18 multi-role combat fighter.*



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oil ships off the Seaway had not been built. Shipments of manufactured goods had fallen steadily.

What killed the dream of seaport inland resorts was a revolution in freight handling: containerization, the storage of discrete shipments in a train to Montreal and East Coast ports which had once jammed the Seaway as the cargo of their death. Big container ships must keep their propellers turning at top speed to pay the mortgage and have no time to dawdle in the Seaway. Their bows are shrouded in Hubble, Star, John Deere, Mercedes and more, aimed quickly and cheaply by rail.

Thursday morning, the Spillie danced through the Thousand Islands, two-stopping, around shore restaurants. Tens of thousands of 19th-century rubber houses whose saccharine have mirrored their style and atmosphere. One private island runs a commanding billboard in passing ships, ordering: No wake, please. Captains of the great ocean and lake vessels ignore the instruction to go slow in order to avoid disturbing the idyllic shoreline. Their disrespect of privileged wealth sends somewhere a small museum of remembrance for the injuries wracked upon lumberjacks by the Seaway's construction. Thousands of Quebec farmers and townspeople were displaced by flooding of the Seaway valley behind the international power dam at Cornwall. More than 500 buildings and 6,500 persons were shifted off the 180 square mile island drowned by the rising water. The new towns of Ingleside, Ingerside and Long Sault were created with the remains of seven villages and half a town submerged like Atlantis.

As the Spillie approached Kingston and Lake Ontario, Raaf suddenly veered his boat and headed for sight against toward a descending vessel. The fact broke with his first red grin since quitting Montreal five days earlier and he punched the brass plunger controlling the Spillie's air valve, twisted high on her red-stained face. The deep blast was joyous, rolling over the green water to the other ship, another Niagara freighter called the Buja Lake. Raaf rushed out to the wing of the bridge to greet the passing vessel's master, his brother-in-law, who would be back in the Adriatic while Raaf was still lighting the Frigid St. Lawrence.

Bad weather struck the Spillie again. After a booming crossing of Lake Ontario, she had to drop anchor because the Welland Canal was closed by high winds. Another day was lost waiting for an invisible pilot. "It's getting worse here than in the St. Lawrence," complained second mate Davor Karic. "In the States, pilots have to be bribed to work. Here there's no other way a pilot to bribe." At morning's close another \$45,000, the federal government is under-

Pilot boat at the Port Welland end of the Welland (top) and the Lake Ontario pilot leaving the Spillie (left) on the one hand, too many 'cooks' on the other, below.



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Steadily reluctant to hire more pilots than necessary. From the Atlantic in Chicago and back again, the Spirit was in on board 30 different pilots. Naturally, the bill for piloting would be about \$15,000, but that trip because pilots stay aboard when the ship is immobile due to bad weather, the cost will be closer to \$25,000.

The sky was already darkening late Saturday when pilot Kenny Austin climbed up the Jacob's ladder of knotted ropes and slippery wooden slats. Like most pilots, Austin is a former ship's captain and he handles the Spirit with casual, professional ease as he sails her into the Niagara Falls bypass, the Welland Canal. "Where the steamships climb like mountains," is the accurate description of local lore. Austin considers the Spirit "wasn't the day it was built"—only, the locks were built to the same size as those completed for the Welland Canal in 1902. "We need to build a new wayway if we're going to get the modern ships up here and it should be free. There's no way it could be expected to pay the costs so we should just forget about that."

The Spirit left the canal at Port Colborne, the western end of the Seaway, two hours and Sunday morning, after a trip from Montreal that should have taken three days but consumed a week. Her engines humming securely, she steered out across Lake Erie to stop between Detroit and Windsor, down up Lake Huron and through Lake Michigan to Chicago. She arrived only to learn she would have done better to stay in Montreal. So urgent were the warnings of impending disaster-up that the Spirit's agents in Chicago, Montreal and back home in the Canadian port of Spirit decided to cut their losses and call her back before unloading had been completed and before she could take on cargo for Europe.

Three too late for the Spirit, expressions went or related with a work of exceptional warmth before Christmas and all the sales had to be open over before Montreal. The Spirit, seen at through St. Lawrence back just after midnight, December 20. That was five days after the official closing date but still a week before the Swiss freighter St. Vincent closed the Seaway for the winter. Though the Spirit's empty hold on her last transit contributed nothing, and two years for the 1977 season was a record \$3 million, proving that the mid-continent's prosperity has grown at least partially dependent on the Seaway despite its financial miseries, undeveloped premises, and the blue-tinted Canadian economy. With an anticipated steady growth in traffic, mostly because of grain and coal shipments, Seaway president Normandine is already looking at the prospect of a new wayway at least at the Welland section where the government already owns the necessary land. By 1988, he says, perhaps will have to make up its mind. But the time pressures of self-financing and economic miracles will be harder to sell as a water-tax-paying public.

## A piece of Canadian aviation history lost and found in a lake bottom.

Go back to 1919. A Curtiss HS-2L flying boat named "La Vigilance" with pilot Stuart Graham at the controls performs the first forestry flights in Canada. Three years later while flying the same aircraft for Canada's pioneer air transportation company, Laurendeau Air Service Limited, another pilot Don Foss is forced down by bad weather into a small, unnamed Ontario lake (now Foss Lake) and crashes during a later attempt to take off. The crew survives but the remains of "La Vigilance" settle into the silt for almost a half of a century. The Curtiss HS-2L becomes obsolete. As far as anyone knows there isn't a single example of this historic bush plane left in the world.

In 1968 Kapuskasing businessman Don Campbell locates the wreck of an old bi-plane flying boat. He thinks it might be an HS-2L and contacts Canada's National Aeronautical Collection. Reconstructing a

one-of-a-kind airplane is nothing new at the National Aeronautical Collection, part of the National Museum of Science and Technology and funded by the National Museums of Canada. Its collection of aircraft is among the finest in the world.

The bits and pieces of wreckage turn out to be those of "La Vigilance." Together with tools and instruments they are brought to the National Aeronautical Collection Museum at Ottawa's Bessieville Airport. But, where do you find the other parts when you know there isn't another HS-2L anywhere? The call goes out for help.

The Smithsonian Institution provides precious handbooks. The United States Navy Records Office donates original 1919 engineering drawings vital to the reconstruction. Wing and tail components are found in California. It isn't until 1976 that another HS-2L wreck is found in the Kenogami River near Long

Lac, Ontario. It yields the characteristic large radiator for the Liberty engine along with missing fittings, pumps and gauges.

Today the reconstruction of "La Vigilance" is well advanced and it will soon join the Lancaster bomber, the Fairchild bush planes, the Spitfire, the Sopwith Snipe, the Curtiss Seagull, and other aircraft on display.

A good way to get a feeling for these magnificent flying machines and the characters of the pilots who flew them is to visit Canada's National Aeronautical Collection. In fact, a visit to any museum is a good way to relive part of our history and to keep in touch with ourselves.

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# Choice and master spirit

Fame is pursuing Northrop Frye

By Charles Taylor

If Canadians were told that one of their countrymen had a good chance to become an international television celebrity by the end of the decade, they could have trouble agreeing on a candidate. Most would probably select an actor or a pop singer, and few would consider that the man might be—to put it bluntly—an intellectual. Yet places are well under way for the launching of a new academic prospect for television, a chunky 65-year-old Toronto professor who is disconcertingly shy and whose sheer brilliance often induces his colleagues to tongue-tied incoherence.

Later this year, Dr. Northrop will film the first episode in a projected 13-part series on

he remains an intensely private person. ("I have unconsciously arranged my life so that nothing has ever happened to me and no biographer could possibly take the smallest interest in me.") And it is partly because he dares not to be a showman.

It is late in the lecture and the dimly lit room in the faded academic gown has fallen silent about the Book of Job, far more at home. Speaking without notes, he has already worked in references to Aristotle, King Lear, Franz Kafka, Gertrude Stein and the Vietnam War. How he passes to let the scribbling undergraduates keep pace, "I don't expect you to understand very

firm and old-fashioned set of premises.

Frye likes to tell a story about his maternal grandfather, a Methodist preacher and circuit rider. A wealthy parishioner had died, and there was some shrewd concern as to which church was going to receive him into its bosom. The local Anglican minister was first to speak at the funeral service and began to intone, "I am the Resurrection and the Light!" At which point Frye's grandfather elbowed his real uncle, trumpeting, "No! I am the Resurrection and the Light!" Although it is impossible to imagine the grandson sitting so aggressively, Frye was himself ordained in the United Church. So, however, the university became his real church, and Victoria his gospel. Between terms at Victoria, he has logged hundreds of thousands of miles to deliver lectures throughout the world, a jet-age circuit rider in the service of his cause. In January he returned from giving a seminar in Guyana which drew over 400 eager students. "I seemed to break in this role of evangelist," he remarked.

As an evangelist of literature, who asserts it is essential to the spiritual health of the individual and the nation, Frye has had a lasting impact on generations of students, writers and academics. To understand him, you have to know something about Victoria College, his spiritual home for four decades. An architectural treasure, the main building is a large, irregular red-brick structure which is delicately embellished with arches, columns and gargoyles. Founded by Methodists, the college was meant to instill the virtues of honest and clean living and liberal enquiry, "cared over the main door of the motto, *The Truth Shall Make You Free*. Traditionally Victorian, has attracted white, Protestant, middle-class students, and over a large proportion of its graduates as high-school teachers. According to scholar Peter Burdett, "In some ways it was the quintessence of the Ontario mind, bourgeois, austere, dry, with a tradition both strongly theological and liberal."

That description also fits Frye, except that he was born in Sherbrooke, Quebec, and grew up in Montreal, New Brunswick. His ancestors were English Puritans who settled in Massachusetts, some moved north as United Empire Loyalists. Frye's father was in the hardware business. His mother, the preacher's daughter, encouraged his early reading, everything from *Water-Sprite* to *W. G. Sebald's* *At the Heart of the Matter*. Frye was the only boy wearing glasses. Shy and had stumps, he soon earned the prophetic nickname of Professor.



Frye conducting a seminar (above) is in period (right), scholar and gentleman

the great heroes of literature. After looking at the early scripts, executives of the provincially funded educational network are quietly confident that either the one or the National Film Board will pick up part of the tab for the remaining program. Possibly in tandem with the British Broadcasting Corporation and the Public Broadcasting System in the United States. Sight unseen, both the one and the other have already expressed strong interest in the series. For them the great attraction is in star: Herman Northrop Frye.

It's hardly a household name, even to Canadians. Yet Northrop Frye has all the credentials to follow in the footsteps of Sir Kenneth Clark, Jacob Bronowski, and John Kenneth Galbraith. A few pundits who measured its similar assets which drew millions of viewers into letter boxes than those of the best sitcoms. Frye is often called our greatest living scholar, at least in the humanities, and no Canadian in any field has a more solid international reputation. If he lacks the public stardom, according to Galbraith and Marshall McLuhan—two of his converts among Canadian-born scholars—it is partly because

much of this," he goes on dryly, "but write down anyway." As more than 60 students look up in rapt attention, you can feel the tremor of collective disbelief. Then, as they notice the smile, they break into nervous laughter. If all right they decide Professor Frye, that legendary but diffident scholar, hasn't finally succumbed to temptations of grandeur. Professor Frye, it seems, was only having his little joke.

For nearly 40 years Northrop Frye has been a teacher of English literature at Victoria College in the University of Toronto. That simple statement might seem to leave out everything that matters—the 16 books, the hundreds of essays, the 27 honorary degrees, the numerous medals and fellowships and all the prestigious public and academic posts. Nor does it hint at the extraordinary enthusiasm which Frye has achieved as a literary scholar and liberal humanist. But in it, one suspects, how Frye would choose to describe himself, lies through his modesty that through a very



WILLIAM PEARCE





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Curiously, it was a typewriting contest which brought Frye to Toronto in 1928. He had become extremely proficient on the machine during a short business course in Montreal, performing on stage at Massey Hall under a New Brunswick banner. He placed second in the contest class. Frye stayed on as a model at Victoria, his maternal grandfather's college where he eventually topped his honours course in English and philosophy, and began to blossom as a draftsman, writer and editor. By the time he graduated in 1933, he knew his profession was that of a teacher. But his many scholarships had been granted to him as a potential innovator, so Frye felt duty-bound to complete the theological course at Emmanuel College. In 1936 he was ordained in the United Church.

Enthusiastic persons who guard their privacy always foster a body of legend, much of it apocryphal. One of the more persistent stories about Frye concerns the manner he spent as a student preacher at St. Andrew's. There was a severe drought and the farmers asked their novice minister to pray for rain. According to the story, Frye obliged them with such eloquence that the farmers opened at the end of his prayer, startled by the evidence of his extraordinary powers, he immediately vowed to provide a less dangerous career. Today Frye denies the story flatly. Typically he reasons it as a slur on the good sense of his parishioners: "They would never have asked me to do such a thing."

It was a promise he broke, not a fear of preaching, which sent Frye to Oxford for his M.A., and led to his appointment as a lecturer in the English department of Victoria in 1938. From that point the real Frye legend began to grow. Within a very few years the word was out around the globe: Toronto's coroner that a masterful teacher had emerged, and even engineers would pack his lectures on the Bible. Writer Christina McGill Newman recalls that when she entered Vic in the 1950s, she was skeptical that any professor could be so good. "By the end of his first lecture on Milton, I was overwhelmed: this impact was electric. He read with a perfect understated instrument." Pacing through his routine glasses and speaking with slow deliberation, Frye gripped his students with his sheer lucidity.

All the time he has been teaching, Frye has never stopped writing. For 40 years there has always been at least one book or essay in the works. "I'm like a squirrel storing nuts," he says. "I'm always scribbling on subway, or wherever I can." The books are the fruit of Frye's prodigious reading. Few men anywhere can have such a vast knowledge of both classical and modern literature, as well as other disciplines. In one of the know-away lines which calms his enigma, Frye reminds that he has never studied psychology, although he has read several hundred volumes on the subject. Frye's firm book, which established his international reputation when it was pub-

# The Beefeater Story

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### An on-going tradition

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so smooth you can  
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cluded in 1940, was *Friedrich Schlegel*, his detailed study of William Blake. His most influential work, *Anatomy Of Criticism*, which came a decade later, attempts to establish a systematic framework for the study of literature. Frye asserts that every age has a structure of ideas and images which he calls myths. These myths express basic views of man's destiny. Moreover, they become the recurring metaphors and symbols of literature. In this view, any book or poem owes more to other works of literature than to the writer's own life and times. It can be analyzed objectively, and without recourse to personal taste or to such other fields as history, political science and psychology.

Many of Canada's leading poets, playwrights, novelists and critics have contributed their theories directly. To outsiders, it often seems that CanLit has been taken over by a coterie of Frye's former students, among them Margaret Atwood, James Reaney, Dennis Lee, Jay Macpherson, David Knight, Ronald Baines and George Johnston. Through *poetics*, or through generous disagreement, a lot of criticism and even abuse has been directed at Frye and the so-called "Frye-dolans." An eminent Toronto professor used to tell his students: "It's not Frye I'm afraid of, it's the emularity." One of the most permanent critics, poet Irving Lippman, praises Frye's scholarship and his sensitivity when he tackles individual works. Ben Layton,

charges that Frye does have a harmful influence on writers by making them too cerebral. "Frye says poems are made from other poems. I say poems are made from living and experience."

Although they are often linked with him, poets such as Atwood, Macpherson and Eli Mandel deny that there is any "Frye school," despite their common use of archaic forms. "He doesn't tell you what to write," says Atwood. "The real influence on us was in the way he treats writing as a very serious occupation." If Frye doesn't determine the kind of literature we read, he does affect the way we read it. While Frye states that he neither wants nor trusts dogma, his thematic and mythic approach has become the dominant trend in Canadian criticism, as seen in the work of Mandel, D. G. Jones, W. H. New, John Moss, and in Atwood's own *Surrealist*. In fact, these works have influenced thousands of university and high-school teachers. Lately, however, there has been a reaction on the part of critics such as Frank Davey, George Bowering and Dennis Lee, whose recent *Severus* collection takes aim at the distinction between objective thinking and subjective evaluation.

Frye is also the target for political abuse from extreme nationalists, presumably because he treats literature as an international context. According to Roberta Matthews of Carleton University, "Marking Frye as high priest of one of the most

disregarded ideologies in Canadian history: the ideology of selfish and destruction of the Canadian fact." Yet a whole book of Frye's essays, *The Bush Garden*, is devoted to Canadian themes, and in the *Fifth* his annual reviews in the *University Of Toronto Quarterly* traced the use of a genuine modern poetry in Canada.

Although many of Frye's insights (such as his concept of the "paranoid mentality") have been influential, he has failed to make much popular impact as social prophet. This is partly because his ideas have been constantly evolving and defy easy summary. A longtime supporter of the old CFC (the only genuinely conservative party), Frye has strongly liberalized attitudes, especially in areas such as race relations. "But if I had to give myself a label," he adds, "it would be Tory radical—which is what most Canadian intellectuals really are." As a lover of rational crime, when most prophets are warning of impending doom, Frye points to our positive opportunities. While he deplores the prospect of an independent Quebec (partly because French-Canadian culture would be the first casualty), he also decries "the empty gesture of cultural nationalism." He thinks Canada has moved from a provincial to a post-national phase without ever having been a nation, and could be a model for other nations if it survives its current crisis.

Frye's commitment to Canada is under-



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and by the number of times he has turned down prestigious and lucrative offers from British and American universities. Feelings of loyalty and a strong sense of duty have kept him in Toronto, just as they compelled him to accept the post of principal of Victoria for seven years and a nine-year membership on the Canadian Radio-Television Commission. Frye found such public positions unattractive, and doesn't think he was very good at them—"but I simply felt I had to take my turn." With his present honours positions as university professor and senior fellow of Munkie College, Frye could easily devote most of his time and energies to his probable masterpiece: a massive book on the 18th's imagery with which he has wrestled for several years. Instead, he teaches an undergraduate course and a graduate seminar, accepts speaking invitations from other institutions and deals faithfully with a constant of manuscripts, books and letters which pour across his desk.

Despite his eminence—and partly because of it—Frye remains a lonely man. Among his many colleagues and former students there are few who claim to be close friends. Ironically, Frye lives quietly with his wife Helen (there are no children) in a modest Toronto house, his main recreation is playing the piano. (This is a striking paradox, and he has an unusually large collection of keyboard music from the 18th and 19th centuries.) Although he is inordinately polite, and especially cordial to women, Frye discourages intimacy more than he would ever admit. He remarks that Dennis Lee calls "the voice of brilliance", in his presence, even the most sophisticated colleague often feels like a stammering idiot. As a gathering of The Bookman—an exclusive Toronto institution of publishers, editors and critics—the assembled luminaries dined into collective panic when told that Frye would be their guest, and locked into corners to avoid sitting next to him. When people meet him, according to Margaret Atwood, they're often gripped by "silent petrification." Frye is well aware of this effect, but says sadly there is nothing he can do about it. "Whenever I try, I only make matters worse."

Beyond doubt, Frye is made at ease when lecturing. Judging by his occasional television appearances in the past, he will be witty and provocative in his new series, especially when he shows how our own concerns are reflected in the great myths of literature. He's been warned that the critics are waiting to cut him down to size, but he's clearly untroubled by the opportunity to preach the literature he loves to thousands of women who would never enter his classroom, or read his books. Despite the great reputations which these books have earned for him, he still sees himself as more of a teacher than a scholar. "I am," he says, "always trying to make it clear to this undergraduate in the back row."



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# A woman of parts

The face is familiar, but what's her name?

By Kaspars Dzeguze

She must be the cousin of some romantic legend: this unknown-faced lady in the wrap-around dress which billows over the chaise longue where she lies, rigid and unmoving. With her eyes open but fixed on the ceiling, she looks like nothing so much as a corpse among the contraptions of a Victorian undertaker. In the corner room of the Cbc Toronto Studio 7, where Studio 7's co-moderator, Susan Clark, the woman is high enough to curl the poster on the wall.

Suddenly, in a single reflex motion, the corpse folds at the waist and leaps to a sitting posture, exclaiming "Oh, Susan, Doubt! Doubt! Doubt!... Was-plottin'!" Hilda Gubler sings Piffles schmilts. The camera crews continue with laughter, and giggles of relief break up the control room as heavily pneumatic bursts. A perfect smoker ring, drifting absent-mindedly over the head of director George Bloomfield, drifts in the window air like an umbrella. These who watched the cbc production of *Hilda Gubler* when it was aired this January never saw Susan Clark as a nimble, singing corpse. They watched the radiantly puffed-out Hilda, not the actress who pulls the strings so effectively that her own personality is submerged. But on set, where Susan Clark feels the strain getting in the way of the role, she rocks. She smokes the cigarette like a gnomish sorcerer if that will help the cast and crew get closer to Henrik Ronsbo's tragically haunted heroine. In her role as in her career as an actress—with 18 feature and made-for-tv films by her belt—Susan Clark doesn't hesitate. She has the confidence to take things into her own hands.

For days now, the camera has followed her like Hilda's gnomish lover. The players had just over three weeks to rehearse and when tape time's play, now there's just another day left. One day more and Susan Clark must stop playing hooky from Universal Pictures, give up her delusion with poetic justice like Hilda's Elvira, who has "gone down in her bath." For the more conventional embrace of Hollywood lovers braving with time!

Susan Clark is in Hollywood parlance—very "hot" at the moment. It began with her starring role in *Julie*, the tv film

biography of the superb American actress, Julie Dickinson Zehner, which earned her an Emmy Award in 1975. It contrasted the first year when she reported her success with America, a portrait of the pioneer actress, Amelia Earhart, through she settled for an Emmy nomination instead of another copy of the trophy. She recently finished *Walt Disney picture*, *The Young American* (her first film), and she's waiting to make yet another bio-pic, *Colene*, the story of the French author.

Clark looking "Hilda Gubler" (below) and *Impromptu* (left), the role's the thing



She's even looking back to make a picture in Ontario this summer, based on Margaret Laurence's highly lauded novel, *The Diviners*.

With *The Diviners* in with *Hilda*, Susan Clark has been making terrific money back into her native country, which she left nearly two decades ago at the age of 17. She took off for England hard on the heels of an assembly at Lawrence Park Collegiate in Toronto, in which her principal had landed the person of the swim team and the football jocks, but acknowledged her own proud achievement—a first in an Ontario-wide public speaking contest—only when the audience was half empty. "That's when I realized it would have to leave Canada, the sponge wouldn't hold

me." The fact that she's backing up a ticket to London's Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts and a 30-year veteran of Universal Studios publicity campaign in Canada show business and attitudes to the arts. For the only things softened in Susan Clark are her class, Celine Dion. "I'd like to knock my penguin's south down his throat, even today," she says in a burst of lusty.

Thus, in only the second time she's worked in Canada, though she's partly financed her own return—working for the time the came only a quarter of what she'd make in Hollywood. Nevertheless, it's an occasion for her to happen then he left, when the death of her father cut short

her very first appearance on the hallowed boards of London's West End. She returned to be with her mother and sister, and all but fell into roles in the show. If central as well as a series of her *Foxes* productions at the Cbc. It was on these same Studio 7 monitors that the then 23-year-old actress began her tv career, back in 1966. Many of the same people are still here, too, including George Bloomfield, who directed her original *Hilda*—to Michael Kane's scintillating *Abigail*. "It's been a lovely thing," Hilda, working with these "people again." Clark even, the day after *Hilda* has been dispatched the crew thanked by means of a small "wrap" party on set, after the first good sleep she's had in a month.

"I came back because I wanted to do some serious work. There is no stomach after all. I know before it came that *Hilda* would be good. It might be terrible—there was always that possibility—but it wouldn't be less than good. And, there's no heart from producers here the way there is in Universal, where they think only of one thing. 'We know how much it's going to cost in labour.' There's no one here to blame. There are no 'them'."

Of course, a solid phaser of "them" stretched as wide as a Pantheon screen couldn't have given Susan Clark from Hollywood when she left, even if it did, hard on the heels of *Hilda* and *Julie*. The striking young actress—tall legs and cheekbones—had caught the eye of the media maven from Universal. It would have taken a saint to resist their blandishments, and so she makes abundantly

cher—Susan Clark has always felt more comfortable on the side of the camera anyway. "Blonde, it would have been wrong," says actor Jack Creley, a fan of Susan's ever since he played Cassin Palmer, uncle of Huckle, in that failed *Forever* production. "It was necessary for her to lose, no question. She could have stayed and been rediscovered seven times over, the way Pat Cothran has. One year she would have been up, the next she would have died. This someone is fit enough for Susan, but hard as it seemed on very slightly sad goodbyes."

In short order, she was spotted in Universal's *Bar* (where it takes and re-and re-spooled at the base of a proscenium arch

office building that houses stucco, the parent company, a building known in the valley it sits in as "the Black Tower." According to Hollywood legend, everyone wants to work there, if only because it's the one place in the city where the Tower doesn't ruin the view.

If Clark felt any chill of apprehension when she came under the Tower the first time, she doesn't say. Certainly, she had no way of knowing she'd spend 10 years in its shadow, growing to trust it more each year the way any prisoner respects the symbols of his captivity. With the first seven-year contract—"I made my big mistake when I negotiated and signed

another,lier"—the glamour of her background kept Clark from feeling the tug of her chains. Initially, there was time for nothing but work. In two years, she reversed the routine exposure that only stars—or a studio contract—can get: She played opposite all the biggest stars, starting with Henry Fonda (*Midnight*), Clint Eastwood (*Copland's* *Alibi*), and co-starring with the likes of Robert Redford, Justin Guarini, Gene Hackman, and the Burns, Reynolds and Laimberty.

When she wasn't working, she was on the star's list of proms, parties and publicity rounds, or at home, working harder to lose her English accent than she'd ever worked to acquire it. "I knew I hadn't gotten used, though the day I was introduced to Cary Grant in the studio community. To my chagrin, I blushed and giggled, and generally seemed on like a silly female," she recalls laughing gaily as the focus a glass of Dimitri vodka with put a dash of white wine. Clark is so loved and loquacious now, your attention to the star's career in the roof lounge of Toronto's Park Plaza Hotel. The women have recognized her and they're peeking around the door, trying without success to catch her shyness.

What they see is anything but a Hollywood costume parade—Susan Clark is the epitome of understatement in black slacks and a red jacket that. When you look carefully, though, you notice the seams the slacks more tightly than most people wear gloves. Susan Wink up! That long-sleeved shirt is a standard item, for, as a toddler in Surrey, her birthplace, she felt over the measure that was supposed to be ending her old. The home was there, day and night, so much as they expected to lose Susan, her mother recalls. The morning on her arm—with the plastic surgeon all away in was—was inevitable, since the wound grew over with red, her in behind her. If anything, she moved later, so-called her determination to be on screen, she'd succeed despite it.

By 1988, with a string of features behind her, she was doing well enough to be flown back to Toronto and presented before the public, Hollywood style—with limousines, publishers and synopsists lined for the occasion—as "Canada's Star of the Year." So loudly did Universal beat its drum that it not stopped to ask exactly what the award meant, since she hadn't worked in the country since the *Festival* series, and never before that.

Clark could have answered any query without trouble. She was by now a veteran of the rough-and-roughly camera school that is the camera player's life, a school which teaches that a smile that isn't "big-enough-bright" isn't worth smiling; that her height—five-nine—is enough to threaten camera men and must be fed about, and most of all, that she absolutely must learn to keep her mouth shut. Not because she couldn't speak intelligently, mind you, but because she could. It was

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been a studio system, ever since the days of the Golden Age, but the public will line up for snapshots before they'll buy an intelligent dance.

That's one thing that hasn't changed, even though there's more left of Geymands now than at most studios. They don't even build cognate the way they used to back when Hollywood was a club filled with colorful fellows who knew their audiences better than their English—men who could (as Goldwyn might have said) "feel the pulse of the public by the seat of their pants." Susan Clark was expecting both paddlers to come crawling out from under white-smeared rocks in executive offices, but they simply didn't materialize. The showmen have gone, the accountants, computer programmers, and advertising men are fighting the rearward action.

"I was naive enough to assume that since they'd brought my services on Bette's it was to pursue the kind of part. They hadn't. They acquired me the way you'd buy land in Saskatchewan or a farm in Quebec. They're not in the business of making stars; they prefer to buy them. Universal hasn't made one in ages—not Katharine Hepburn, not Valérie Perrine."

Instead of peddling flesh Hollywood quantifies the risks, when the odds are right they back them with dollars. Lew Wasserman, the head of exec, told Clark that when the studio put 100 young actors under contract, it only requires five of them to be successful and one to make himself a "star" for the whole movement to pay for itself.

Sally, a night have worked one of the marketing boys had known what they were selling. "They did mislead me and I guess partly it was my own fault," she acknowledges. "They presented me as this authentic, rich, English-Canadian classical actress. They were hard put to find roles for this kind of woman, so I ended up as the intellectual desecrator or even purveyor. That I can't remember. The dating wife, the dedicated scientist... no, I don't want to go through the list."

Clark expects as any stream of corporate stock in a long line and isn't her happy. "I have a very good feeling about the lady," it used to be very, even, to be a lady, "you had the intelligence to be a where in the bedroom and a lady in the parlor, which was what was wanted. But now... Now, in the explicit no-poster roomed Korea State hotel that is a common sight in America, 'the lady' is a considered companion, someone who if she doesn't actually speak with God, disallows when wear gloves and takes to terms tea with the Virgin Mary."

Susan Clark, as it happens, is a lady, but very decidedly one of her own making. She smokes cigars. She excludes reason from rehearsal "because rehearsal is for experimenting, for hanging and firing." And though she puts up drinking and smoking (she doesn't inhale the cigars) she

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# The S.O.B. of the C.I.A.

This is Stansfield Turner. He killed James Bond

By William Lowther

Admiral Stansfield Turner may be the most powerful spy master in all of history. Not only has he been director of the Central Intelligence Agency for the past year, he now has control over the entire secret-operations budget of the United States "intelligence" machine. Turner is suave and strong. His commanding manner comes from years of giving orders that were obeyed without question. So for Turner, it's not easy being subjected as he is these days to a barrage of criticism, much of it from his own agents.

"If you want happy eyes, I'm not here for that," he is explaining to a large group of reporters quizzing him over a hotel breakfast, a few blocks from the White House. "But if you want effective spies, I can provide them. I've made a profession of finding men and women. The good at it. [By this time he is leaning on the big oval table.] And I'll continue to be good at it."

Admiral Stansfield Turner—Annapolis College, Annapolis Naval College, Rhodes scholar, U.S. Navy—likes to think of himself as a Sicilian, a critic, questioning policy. He is more of a Captain Jack, looking for a hotel steak like he has a hotel and a red, snuffing from Silver Suburban and a rugged profile. And an above style and a colorful diplomacy that have made him notorious since President Jimmy Carter brought him into the CIA desktop a year ago this month.

It is a cold winter morning. Breakfast doesn't please the admiral. He's not the food it's the indignity—the prospect of being quoted. He has turned out to eat with the possibility because it's the best case for a bad case. His public image is appalling, but his prospects are enormous. He is not to change the course, the direction, the aim, of U.S. espionage. It's a substantial objective. And he might well achieve it.

He was Carter's second choice for the CIA job—the first was liberal lawyer and sometime Kennedy aide Theodore Sorensen, but the Senate wouldn't have him. Turner scored more respectably. Yet despite a distinguished naval career, he was something of an unknown quantity. And that's the way, you might reason, it should have stayed. After all, precedent normally seeks a high profile but this one is different.

The CIA was in a mess when he arrived. Three years of congressional probes and

Turner in portrait (left) and, with his aide, Commander Bernard McElm, briefing Carter (below). There'll be some changes.



newspaper exposés had left it in the same scandal-ridden state as Watergate and the Vietnam war. In five years the agency had been headed by five different directors. Morale was terrible. The admiral's task was to bring it under control, revitalize the staff and rebuild the agency as a major part of the defense program.

He set about it in various fashions. He did not go directly to CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia where nearly 20,000 employees were waiting for his support and leadership. He gave no pep talks. Rather he adopted the Sicilian role and asked, "Is the CIA necessary? Do we need it? Are some parts of it redundant?" He opened a series of five offices in the executive building next to the White House and gave priority to establishing his own political base.

Then the admiral called a mass meeting of CIA staff in the old modern auditorium that makes up part of the eight-story glass and concrete complex set on 100 acres of well-guarded land at Langley. What was what the spies later described at cocktail parties as "a big brass table," he said he had decided to fire several hundred of them. His closing words, delivered in a Cagney style, were "I'm going to make this place less and more."

To date 300 agents have been, or are about to be, sacked. All from the "classified service" or that part of the CIA responsible for—to a large extent—espionage proper or, as the smart set calls it, "spooking" (sneak) (thrusting intelligence), as opposed to SIGINT (signal intelligence) or COMINT (communications intelligence). For the admiral is a technocrat and sees the future of spying in scientific terms.

And the situation, as far as they go, are with him. Only 185 of agency employees come from secret operations out in the field or the tent that controls them back in Virginia. To make it worse, it is almost inevitable that this classified service is also responsible for most of the messes, the public trouble that has been caused for the company. For these are the spies who have not come in from the cold. The James Bonds and the Georges Seizings. The women and the women. The boys who play dirty tricks. Instinctively, the admiral doesn't like them.

For the first time ever, the directorate brought a flood of public complaint from the secret agency. Many of them soundly treated were victims of the Cold War. Of Korea and Vietnam. Berlin and Cuba. They had served in dark corners of the world since the legendary "Wild Bill" Donovan first recruited them into the old ops for World War II. One spoke for all when he said: "To receive the grateful thanks of a grateful government for services rendered—sometimes overseas at great hazard—in the form of a two-sentence (discreet) message, without any recognition of past performance, was insulting and humiliating." Told of the complaint, Turner replied: "You've really heard them crying. Often at personal risk."

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I bet you there isn't five of them that had personal risk." The admiral, faced with the facts—the most had indeed faced personal risk—made a public apology.

**Turner (right) with General Alexander Haig, now in retirement. Admit it! Haig**

happy marriage and father two children. What Carter portrayed Turner when he called him to Washington last year is far from clear. But he certainly left the impression that anything was possible. Soon enough all of his might and ambition, the admiral began campaigning in order to be made an intelligence "chief." He wanted full cabinet rank and complete control of all of America's elite intelligence agencies—including the aptly named National Security Agency (NSA) and the ultra-secret National Reconnaissance Office (NRO). Not only that, but he also wanted a role of new primacy for the agency. He argued that, in a time of peace, spying should not be dominated by tactical military considerations. Economic and social information might be of greater value to the President and his policy advisers.

Thus, arguably, the first Secretary of Defense Donald Brown chose the man for a long and better backstage role. Brown asserted that the Pentagon retains control of NSA and, not to say, that military intelligence always be given top priority in matters of national security. And he argued more theoretically that Russia's long-term economic goals might be academic if no short-term military movements were ignored.

Carter's compromise came in an executive order which was signed in late January. Turner was not to be made a "chief." The Pentagon retained NSA (which, with the larger bank of computers in the world monitors global communications) and NSA (which operates America's spy satellites). The admiral, however, got control over the entire world's space budget. And as he points out, "This man who has the budget has the golden rule."

The scenario is of interest—even to us—in Canada as Ottawa is in a great deal on Washington, and thus the CIA, for its foreign intelligence. There is a secret treaty to share information which, in effect, means that the President has the

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**CP Air**

Parts of the office files of Langley, one of the more secret secret places (above), a standard clipboard, and a burn basket

Prime Minister what the President thinks the Prime Minister ought to know. "What emerges from Langley in the form of analytical reports is known as espionage products in the CIA's "product." Behind almost every constant but extensive backdrop from deep-cover agents, spy-in-the-sky satellites and espionage, political and social "observers." And the admiral's new course, similar as he is allowed to take it will naturally be reflected in the flow of information from Washington. And that it can be demonstrated, may not be for the best.

Normally, the "product" is kept top secret. But now, so much do so many disapprove of Turner that his handlers have been limited in the hope they will do him political harm.

Now Back last summer, Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin told Carter that Moscow had evidence the South African government was building an aircraft test site in the Kalahari Desert. This probably meant that Pretoria had the bomb and was ready to surprise the world with a demonstration. Carter called Turner. In line with his policy of de-emphasizing day-to-day world watching, the agency had not been giving top priority to searching the desert of satellite photographs. But the Kalahari Desert was rechecked on that week's pictures and there it was—evidence that a nuclear site was under construction. The United States was embarrassed as being beaten by its rival and Pretoria was subjected to such a barrage of diplomatic pressure that it dropped its to speak as South Africa.

Now Last summer the admiral reported publicly what he had been telling the President privately for weeks. That Soviet grain purchases for 1977 would exceed its announced goal to reach a healthy 235 mil-

lion tons. The United States has a five-year contract to sell Russia eight million tons of grain each year at a fixed price. Any additional purchases are supposed to be at a higher cost per ton. Then suddenly Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev announced that grain production would in fact be miserably low—just 194 million tons. At the same time it emerged that Moscow had already bought an extra 15 million tons of U.S. grain through European agents. And they had done it at the usual low price, thus saving themselves a fortune. If Turner had been able to report the real state of affairs, that the Soviet crop was poor, extra grain sales would have been more closely watched and the Kromka would have been forced to pay perhaps another \$300 million. But just as important, the President could have used the need for grain as a chip in the ongoing SALT negotiations. It was a bad blow. One former White House aide commented: "We can tolerate a certain

morning, and spends half an hour alone with Carter on Tuesdays and Fridays. He often sits in on Monday morning cabinet meetings. That schedule of Oval Office access—qualified only outside of personal staff by Vice-President Walter Mondale and national security affairs adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski—is a graphic indication of the admiral's influence.

Despite his continued faith, however, the President is worried about the CIA's personnel problems. And for this reason he has upset the admiral by appointing Frank Carlucci, 51, to a powerful "deputy director" post. In an effort to reestablish the long-held agency motto, Carlucci will take over "day-to-day operations no possibilities." Carlucci is something of a mysterious figure himself. Before his latest job he was ambassador to Portugal and had previously worked as a domestic policy adviser in the Reagan administration. He was assigned to the U.S. embassy in the Congo at a time when the CIA was planning assassination there. "I was not aware and nobody talked to me about the plot to kill Congolese premier Patrice Lumumba," Carlucci said recently. However, the welcome he is getting from old CIA hands has given rise to some suspicion that this is not Carlucci's first connection with the agency.

With an effective deputy in place the admiral is expected to spend more time now working on budget and major policy proposals, keeping as much away from direct contact with the spies as possible. There seems little doubt that his position is still to become any secondary or chairman of the joint chiefs of staff. Both these jobs come vacant this summer.

Back at the reporter's breakfast, Turner is cooling down. "Look," he says, "the CIA has been run like a family business for 30 years. We need a personnel management system that is run on a non-familial basis. I am very excited about the future of U.S. intelligence. A strong motivation is gathering behind me now. There's nothing wrong with agency morale." The admiral's last sentence is uttered more as an order than as a statement of fact.



margin of error. But if all Admiral Turner's satellites, intelligence, dispatches and spies can be so wrong about the way the grain is growing or rising in open fields in the Ukraine, even we be confident of his recent intelligence estimate on more credible and more closely guarded areas like the production and development of spaceborne nuclear missiles?"

It is nearly impossible to make a valid comparison between Turner and former CIA director—say it that he may be the one with a deep sense of public morality. There is no way that he would condone as fellow clandestine operations abroad that were not approved directly by the President. There will be no more assassination attempts. No more domestic spying. And then or at least one of the reasons why he continues to enjoy Carter's confidence. The admiral sends a "note of the world" briefing to the President only each



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# The World

## Fair stands the wind for Francois Mitterrand

The left hand reaches up to the speaker, the flaming head inches toward the stars, the jocular didactic, sometimes dissonant voice expounds the socialist points. François Mitterrand, Adrien Marie Mitterrand the Man Who Would Be President (twice unsuccessfully as far) but who may very well wind up as prime minister of France after this month's crucial legislative elections in addressing the voters.

Pilloried by his own party and his opponents as the evil genius behind the events of May 1968—a wave of strikes and student riots—Mitterrand confided to a journalist: "Today I am the most hated man in France. But doesn't that give me some credit?"



small chance of one day being the most loved? A decade later, he still has not achieved that distinction. And had his optimistic prophecy that a left-wing victory would plunge the country into its worst political, economic and constitutional crisis in 20 years since the Fifth Republic, was fulfilled in the impetuous measure of Mitterrand's old enemy, Charles de Gaulle.

partner. Mitterrand's battered Union of the Left remains pledged to become the first government in Western Europe since the war to include Communists in the cabinet—a prospect which clearly has France's neighbors in a tizzy and French business on edge.

Investment is not rewarded and the franc recently took a 3% devaluation correction.



Mitterrand with fellow Socialist candidate (left) and a Gaullist—on stands for *Rassemblement Pour la République*—supporter (above): all things in their time

The opinion polls, however, consistently continue to forecast a 50% poll for the left spearheaded by Mattarella's Socialist and only 40% for the Centre-Right coalition of Giscard's protégé Premier Raymond Barre.

In favouring Ministeraad, the polls probably partly reflect public dismay at the acrimonious battle in which Geert Wilders, the powerful Geert Wilders leader, has been recently political allies, some thus voted just as much other while Communist Party chief Geert Wilders voters involved in the Socialist. Only Ministeraad seems unwavering and confident, seems above the fray.

If the facade hides what has confidence, say it is a deep inner turmoil, it is characteristic of the archetypal old pol whose character we again are led to be that "he knows how to win." At 61, Miksa had been winning for more than 30 years.

One of the eight children of a Copacabana railroad workman, he was trained strictly. Reclus of an intense youth has come in the party secretary with the Sorbonne law degree and political diploma who holds a tight disciplinary rein. Brown is an old-timer who sits at a meetings and speaks his mind when canvassing votes is the order.



Gleason with wife Anna-Amyrill (if Gore goes, will he be able to do otherwise?)

late life speak of a man whose first love is literature, not politics, but inevitably madder who writes poetry in secret. What the role as vice-harrier, is an impossible, if up-and-down, 31-year political career. Among his battle horses:

- Impassioned Renaissance background including marriage to a Mississippi native, Dorothea (two sons).
- Eleven nationalist appointments during the turbulent post-war decade of the Fourth Republic.
- Two campaigns for the Presidency (1960 and 1964) which he managed a creditable 44.9% against the adroit but less Gaulic and less by less than 1% against the confident Valley General of Eisenhower.
- Run-governor of the last after the 1958 election decided by a home in the Commonwealth. It was his defeat nearly gave him victory in 1974 and may still prop him to the premiership in the voting on March 12 and 19.

Last summer, however, Marchion provided the rift which could depose him—reward of power. The arrangement between the two parties is that in the second ballot the two candidates vote for whoever ends the stalemate the better choice of winning and two may Commonwealth administrations at that time would put Marchion's own crack at power back in the 1981 Presidential election.

There are those who argue it would do him no harm and the possibility of trying for the Presidency later has certainly eased the mind of the man who knows how to win. A few weeks ago Marchion called his closest associates to lunch and advised them to rerun Senedd's 1976.

If the Commonwealth betrays them, he pointed out, it wouldn't leave the French economy's evaluation. In fact it might even be. The Socialist Party will be like Senedd's horses believed because they are unattachable, adored because they are

so distant," he said, betraying perhaps the secret of his own staying power. "We can then win easily for the outcome of things." **MARCY McDONALD**

## THE U.S. Mining disaster

Union leader Arnold Miller has taken to carrying a revolver pocket-sized into his working and what with that and his weary, haunted face he has the look of an aging godfather. Miller has good reason for his desperation. He is president of the United Mine Workers (UMW), whose 165,000 members have been suffering the longest coal strike in American history. Through long ago passed the twilight stage, anger and despair are the dominant emotions and that as Miller is only too well aware his job is now a consolation in the courts.

A tall story? Hardly. It would be difficult to imagine more vulnerable and weaker than the finest workers. The now legendary former UMW chairman John L. Lewis kept an arsenal and in respect is a deluded cowboy from the President's side. But his successor Thomas Kennedy died early and his successor W. A. "Tony" Boyle presides over a period of unbridled corruption and greed. Arnold Joseph A. "Jack" Yablonski, died challenge Boyle for the leadership in 1968—in a liberal platform of "democracy for the union"—he, his wife and daughter were all shot dead in their beds. Last month Boyle was found guilty for the second time of ordering the killings.

Miller came to office on a tide of reform. For his reform platform he broke respect to left men. He has a reputation for walking away from tough situations and his administration can be fairly criticized for allowing attacks to reign in the ballroom of Appalachia and the per-and-per areas of the South and Midwest. Last

Miller under a portrait of Lewis they just don't make 'em like they used to

year alone the mine lost 2.5 million man-hours to wildcat strikes—18 times the average for all other industries.

The reason why are historically deep and intensely personal. Traditionally the mines, particularly those in Appalachia, have suffered a case deal. Not only were they badly paid, they were forced to work in dangerous, unhealthy conditions with no better than battlefield medical aid. Children grew up blind and now with the post-Vietnam war generation at the coal face, decades of war are bubbling over.

The great strike started last December 6 when bargaining for a new contract with the 150-member Bituminous Coal Operators Association broke down. At stake was about half of all America's soft coal production. Major companies including the electricity and steel industries had three-month stockpiles and there was little concern at first. As supplies dwindled, however, mineowners adopted a belligerent attitude and mineunion outfits applied pressure. By mid-February the union's benefits had run out, payments stopped.

Miners never close picket lines and expect others to honor the code of fight the companies. In West Virginia and Kentucky there have been frequent gun battles. Two picketing men have been shot to death many others on both sides wounded. There has been an outbreak of rioting, burning, carrying nonviolent have come under sniper fire, body-bump boards of rock on highways have delayed truck shipments, and a railway bridge has been blown up.

For weeks both sides agreed on a three-year wage increase from \$8.11 to \$10.10



\$10.10. But the mineowners wanted to reduce substantial fines for workers in strikes in wildcat strikes and to end an agreement which leaves them paying most medical expenses.

By mid-February Miller, under enormous pressure, signed a contract verbally giving to the 150 members accepted the deal. As negotiations and consequently with coal back to its supply. By mid-March there was an anti-professional agreement awarding the members' realization. The coal shortage had reached emergency proportions. Ohio, Indiana, Tennessee and Pennsylvania started rationing, leading to home heating coal, school closures and thousands of job layoffs. It became obvious that even if the strike was ended at once, it would take weeks to get coal supplies flowing smoothly.

For President Carter the strike has spelled only heartache. The miners said they would ignore any steps he took to force them back to work and the owners at first rebuffed his invitation to use the White House for talks.

But the coal shortage is the miners and Miller looked in their ancient granite battle. Miller doesn't expect himself so well, he tends to show when things go wrong. He gave pause for his war wound and his own record—a bad case of "black-out" a potentially fatal disease caused by a faint heart which means the sides may shatter up debt that will take years to pay and mining royalties that will leave the coalfields broke for years.

In a way they are victims of their own system. Their union's rules are geared to suspension, support of that president. When one goes wrong it is nearly impossible to get rid of him—constitutionally it is. So Arnold Miller has taken to carrying a gun.

**WILLIAM H. HARRIS**

## RHODESIA

### Brothers under the skin

Even by the standards of local politics the scene was somewhat bizarre. Prime Minister Ian Smith, sitting at a table in a former military mess, facing three Africans—two of whom were once accused of plotting to assassinate him and subsequently labeled Rhodesia's Public Enemy No. 1—under whom he had publicly, litigated as a political lightning bolt, and a third possibly said to be a token figure.

But the product of a self-assured group has issued a population shocker in acceptance anything discredited American and British would be the pillars of Africa can independence and outlawed the country's so-called guerrilla leaders.

Together the four have struck a deal that could end 12 years of rebellion—and almost 90 years of white colonial rule. Issuing orders in light of Smith's 1975 declaration about majority rule, "Never in my lifetime... never in a thousand years."

The only Rhodesian leader and his three

miniball opponents—the Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole, Bishop Abbot Muzorewa, and Chief Jeremiah Chirwa—have been negotiating in closed sessions the chances of transferring power from 270,000 whites to 6.5 million Blacks. Two of the three main issues have now been resolved: the constitutional framework for a majority rule government and the transfer of power to a new constitution. Only the composition of a future government remains.

The formula reflects the complexities of sorting out Rhodesia's 12-year-old emergency proportions. Ohio, Indiana, Tennessee and Pennsylvania started rationing, leading to home heating coal, school closures and thousands of job layoffs. It became obvious that even if the strike was ended at once, it would take weeks to get coal supplies flowing smoothly.

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**WILLIAM H. HARRIS**

include a 10-year parliament with 25 designated seats on which will last for the life of two parliaments or 10 years, whichever is longer, an independent judiciary, an entrenched bill of rights, a neutral public service board responsible for government jobs and guarantees for persons.

In exchange, Blacks gave one man, one vote at 18 and 72 years in parliament. On the security force—the security force was divided to Smith's rejection of the last Anglo-American plan—he conceded 400 national forces back into Rhodesia with the option of rehabilitation or joining the army after interviewing. Previously, he had refused to consider full-scale integration of army and guerrillas.

While on paper the deal looked reasonable, the implications strongly favored Smith. That showed political survival or had struggled to get a deal which would be likely maintained around the president set to other African countries where whites were eventually pushed out.

But he also wanted to save face. As the man who led the rebellious break from Britain in 1965, he had appealed to whites to transfer the future to him. Many have, but Smith has faced a serious challenge in a promised white referendum on the plan. That will come mainly from the ultra-conservative Rhodesian African Party (RAP).

which a charging that the referendum is not worth the price they are written on. The first and down among whites are becoming increasingly antagonistic—in a decade by last year's record election, almost 17,000.

But Smith's intent to get a deal more possible to whites may become a liability in a similar way. The stability of the three Black negotiators on the line, and they will need all the support they can rely to counter the growing weight of the militant Patriotic Front alliance of Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe, the men with East-West backing and an estimated 25,000 to 30,000 guerrillas. In Zaire's late last month, Nkomo played the war will go on, though the



Young blacks in Salisbury reading about the latest death notices of war remain

signs are that Britain and the U.S. may be about to change his mind.

It is generally acknowledged that Muzorewa, the American-educated Methodist leader, has widespread popular support. But Sithole's early popularity has faded and Chirwa to an unimpressive white leader considered by many to be a puppet. If the book community does not buy the settlement deal, then Rhodesia's first one-man one vote election could turn out to be a non-event.

There are few in Rhodesia who do not want a settlement—and soon. United Nations sanctions have threatened the economy, the war is closing in on the cities and hope for the Anglo-American settlement plan has faded with the recent deadlock at the talks table between the Patriotic Front and the Anglo-American representatives.

For many Smith's "initial option" appears to be the only way out in the short term. But so one is expected to learn whether the troubled nation—much like the outside world—will accept that there were once been worked out until the two crucial votes, the referendum among whites, and the first one-man one vote for Blacks. **ROBERT WRIGHT**

## People

Paul Newman may have other passions, but only two have been publicly recorded: racing cars and drinking beer. Nor does it narrow nor any other aspect of deep winter in Montreal can stay him from his travels, either Newman. Sliding Quarter on the Expo '87 site for Robert Altman managed a Saturday off to mid-February, borrowed a MB in Cooper, and drove to two successive victories in a local ice race on the frozen surface of the rowing basin, that was on stacked tires. He must have done



Measurement error is low, bias is low

better in later events, on regular runs, except that some of the local business drivers banged the car around a bit and put it out of action on the third run, and on the fourth he had a very second until he hit the snow-bank rather than another one—which was the alternative at the time. Afterward, sharing a few cases of Henkaton (Coors being unavailable in Canada) with the truck workers, Newman was moved to comment that "this is the best thing that's happened all month."

The power industry, not having enough Farris-fuel left to keep it running at full capacity, seems to have settled on **Suzanne Somers**, the of *Three's Company*, as its alternative energy source. Somers, a 29-year-old mother of a 13-year-old son, plays an 18-year-old Cleo Three of an earlier



September 1996 may be a relatively "bad" time

foreign items on the show—which is new and sufficiently popular to qualify her for media stardom. Which means that all her pronouncements are significant. For example, on the March 19/Cat's she boldly states her personal priorities clearly: "If I had to give up food or sex, I'd have no trouble deciding which to forgo—sex." Knowing that her husband, Canada, can talk show host **Al HALL**, obviously has some success to keep the ladder full.

This news will probably affect only those who are cultural nationalists who have already seen *The Last Show*, but it does mean that one of the Big Names in Canadian music is no longer appearing on *90 Minutes Live*. The reason is because of *Good Old Party*. **Gowinski** has a subtle magnetism because of **Flo and Eddie**, the music-and-vaudeville music duo that is every Friday night to make us cry with the pop scene. **Barnes** is *Playmate* on manager of such stars as **Phyllis McLaughlin**, **Don Hill**, **Shawn Cashmere** and **Rainey Adams**, is now saying that he will not have his people on *90 Minutes* to be shocked, especially by a couple of Americans (no, he wouldn't mind in much if they were Canadian) **Flo** (**Mark Volman**) and **Eddie** (**Howard Kaye**).

lar) apparently occurred Friedman's death—if that's what it is, and not something fanned for publicity purposes—be-



Flo and Eddie: only the things they say

referring to Hill, one of the hottest recording artists in North America, as "Down Hill," and mispronouncing Cockburn's name as "Cock-burn."

The story of *Mary O'Hare* reads like melodrama, the kind of thing Susan Hayward and Eleanor Parker used to do, but it does prove that hit-and-parade art and not just nature is still one of America's major folk singers and harpists back on the *Flatties*—gold records, hit over 75 shows in Britain, international tours, Ed Sullivan, who won't be married post-Richard Sneyd, who would die of cancer 13 months after the wedding. She carried on for a while, then entered a nunnery, where she spent 12½ years, totally missing the Simon. On the verge of a nervous breakdown, she finally left, married a world she barely recognized, and married



©Mara: restored to her rightful place

musical comeback. And at 42, she is back. "Mary O'Hara," wrote a London *Daily Telegraph* critic of a recent performance, "sang with the purity of tone, a sustained precision of pitch and a total absorption as I have rarely heard in folk or popular music."

## 'Sting like a butterfly, float like a bee'-a sad epitaph for Muhammad Ali

Sports column by Roy MacGregor

As has long been his custom, Angelle Dunster finished lunch one of *Mishnah* (Mark 9:1) gives the reader the first clue as to the kind of person Dunster is. He is a Jew, and Jews would find in "Psalms" something he wrote to a muse. "Cause the meekness however, and AFSA also found only another brother where the sweet sound of 'yakov' had been the "suppleness" of them all, the best boss of the most sentimental Jew. He changed his name and wrote a "Christ" who was not a Jew and wrote of a "Jew" who was not a Jew. He was not a Jew and was not a Jew. "He became the most symbolic being of all, but just to Mark. A man, but to a whole Third World of deconstruction.

promised. Came the final bell of the 11-month and Ali sagged heavily against the ropes, his head reeling with ringing rights and realization. Leon Spinks was the new champion of the world.

What he also must have known was that he had blown it. And that he had done so became even more evident when he quickly announced that, at the money book-

age of 36, he must lose another shot at Spinks. The reason—apart from pride and money—was that Ali had promised to keep Unike. Unlike Robert Frost, though, he had already come too many miles as it was: the last few running out of empty.

It is impossible for many mortals to understand what it means to be the Champ even more so to be The Black Champ who has traditionally lived under rather astounding pressures. From Jack Johnson in 1908 through Pat Patterson, who, like him, was a white man, The Black Champ has been the most heavily scrutinized man (and woman) in the world and has been subjected to the worst kinds of racial persecution. Jack Johnson was for fighting his way out 150 battles on the money in Africa and his personal life—poverty, sexual escapades, as well as the excommunication that came from despoiling \$130,000 in a barely cashed 1400-odd gold bars he was buying a \$40,000 home for impoverished friends and family in the West Indies. Patterson, who was a white man, was not long after his "retirement" announcement when Ali's co-wife received a two-million-dollar divorce settlement.

Tryng to understand what motivates the man has long been an American obsession, but it requires no great insight to say

that Ali is the victim of his own machinations. With rare exceptions his last few years have been characterized more by savvy payoffs than great fights (he won million-dollar fights he received for taking on a Japanese wrestler standing as the undefeated top prize). Last fall, with everyone (including his own manager) gleaming with him to retire, Ali looked like he might actually do the proper thing. He'd go against Fanny Shavers, who'd never gone over 10 rounds for an any four million dollars, and perhaps one other—but probably not against the main challenger, Ken Norton, who would not bleed him to Ali's advantage.

After All that's got by Shavvy—thanks to an inspired fifteenth-round flurry—he knew it was coming to an end. "I'm through," he said. "I don't need anybody else to tell me." But he couldn't resist a nobody-called Leon Spinks and the \$3.5 million it was putting up. "Spinks ain't got a chance." As said before the lawless fight at the Las Vegas Hilton. "I'm the greatest. But first at the end of my career and this may be my last fight."

Unfortunately it won't be. To go out as  
The Champ. Al must now dedicate  
Spunks and he can only pray that he not  
Ken Norian gets first chance. As for  
Spunks, possibly most surprised of all, he  
was able to reach deep into his change  
purse of thoughts and punch this one out:  
"I just thanks to the Hilton, the good Lord  
and me." He forgot to thank Muhammad  
Al whose trap of his own making made it  
all possible.

All covering up in the fourteenth round do not ask for whom the bell tolls.



# Business

## The country with a hole in its pocket

On Monday morning, February 20, Gerald Bouey, governor of the Bank of Canada, shuffled from his Wellington Street office across the road to Parliament Hill for his regular weekly meeting with Prime Minister Jean Chrétien. As the area responsible for the safeguarding of the nation's money, Bouey was concerned, for weeks before, the Canadian dollar, which had seemed to be holding steady at 90-91 cents (U.S.), had dropped to 89-91 cents, its lowest level in 45 years. But Bouey and Chrétien decided to continue their policy of "letting the dollar float" on the world's currency markets. Bouey went back to his office and Chrétien went to the Commons to face down demands for action.

But the dollar kept falling, dropping be-

**Chrétien exercises of the "Diefenbuck"**

low 89 cents. The Bank of Canada blamed it on the loss of trust in the markets with a big order for Canadian currency, bidding the price back above 89 cents by the end of the day. On Tuesday, however, heavy selling of Canadian currency resumed and the Bank was again forced to purchase dollars with foreign currency to prevent a precipitous drop. In just two days, Canada's foreign exchange reserves, the government's holdings of gold and foreign currency, had been depleted by an estimated \$20 billion in an effort to hold up the dollar. Clearly, this could not continue. But, if something were not done to support the dollar, it might drop to 85 cents or even lower in a panic not fed by speculation.

Bouey, now Chrétien's aide Tuesday morning and his four the options. A few in

correct rates would stop the slide, but it would also slow down the country's economic growth and perhaps drive still more people out of work. An austerity program, complete with exchange controls, seemed even less palatable during an election year. Chrétien decided instead on the much less drastic step of borrowing money abroad. The first such move by the federal government in 10 years. As a consequence of the borrowing plans stopped the slide, at least temporarily, even before any money was actually lent and the dollar closed the week at 89.7 cents. Whether the move would have any lasting effect remained to be seen.

## Gerald Bouey: the buck starts here

His signature adorns Canada's money, his hands hold the lever, or rather the brake, that controls the amount of currency in circulation, the interest paid on loans and the value of the dollar. His words command the attention of the minister of finance and bankers and brokers. Yet, after half a decade in office, Gerald Bouey, governor of the Bank of Canada, remains a virtual unknown.

Bouey gruffs it that way. Self-effacing, almost to a fault, he doesn't court publicity. "I'm not very keen on the personation of the Bank," he grumped at the outset of a recent interview. In forcing such intimacy, Bouey is simply carrying on a tradition of the central bank. Established during the Depression to oversee the country's currency and banking system and render a faith in both, the Bank of Canada also has a broad mandate: generally to promote the economic and financial welfare of the Dominion. "Our governing responsibilities would normally be accompanied by an equal dose of public scrutiny. But with one notable exception: the governors of the Bank (there have been just four in 43 years) have preferred to operate without publicity."

The exception was James Coyne who quarreled openly with the Diefenbaker government and conducted a public crusade for a slowdown in the expansion of money and credit, a platform since discredited. "Monetarism," the government was more interested in using the traditional tools for creating jobs and seeing Coyne as an obstacle, forced him out of office in a bloody showdown in 1961. For Bouey, who sees Coyne's deputy as all of research, it was a trying period.

Coyne's replacement, Louis Rasminsky, an international banker with pasty skin, pushed the Bank out of the spotlight back into the shadows. He also made clear he would be the government's man and was rarely seen or heard in public. Bouey, who followed Rasminsky in February, 1973, has stepped even further into the background and is in his own quiet



**Bouey from truly humble beginnings**

way, he has succeeded where Coyne failed in moving the Bank toward a monetary policy stance.

Who is this man who yields so much power so quietly? To understand Gerald Bouey, ask an ex-colleague: "you have to realize that he never loses his roots in Depression Saskatchewan." Born on a farm in 1920, the second oldest of five children, Bouey grew up in Thiasucka (population 200), where his father ran a grain elevator. He was an excellent student with a good head for figures. His brother Lloyd recalled a game they used to play with other local children. They would walk along the railway tracks throwing stones at flying airplanes. When someone hit a pole, they could all move on to the next. Gerry used to work out every body's throwing average in his head.

Lloyd Bouey remembers: "Gale knew it was a bit of a bore."

When Gerry Bouey graduated from high school at the age of 16, he went straight to work as a logger-sweeper at the Royal Bank branch in Ogema, Sask. which was even smaller than Thiasucka. It was 1938 and his salary was \$500 a year, but he saved enough to help out his brother through university school. Bouey is embarrassed at having such generosity recalled. "I can't live to see these things written up as instances of some kind," he says. "I was better off than anybody else my age. It was pretty good to be 16 and earning that much money."

By 1941, Bouey had been promoted to the position of clerk. In fact, he is probably the only central banker in the world ever to have been a teller. But he quit the bank to join the air force and in 1945, after being discharged, he began studying

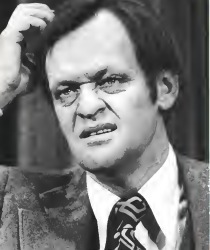
business at Queen's University. His assistance was moved, but the opposition. Concerns were expressed in their terms. They shared one of the government's predecessors with him, just as the Liberals had done 36 years before when the Diefenbaker government of the day was faced with a war for cents and devalued the dollar to 82.5 cents ("Diefenbuck" the Liberals had joked). Conservative Lester Joe Clark dismissed—and got an emergency debate in the Commons and proceeded to harness the government for the very cause of the economy. Chrétien then back that Clark was being irresponsible and scoring "high political

economics at Queen's University. A lot of people in my generation were partly involved in the economic system because of their experience in the Depression years," he explains. "I think I bothered quite a few of us to see people going off to fight for a country that had never been able to give them a job. Such sentiments, while laudable, sound positively ridiculous now. A banker, a clerk of people that normally had no unemployment problems."

Bouey's home Queen's is by accident. The start-up of his school year just happened to coincide with his discharge. That was a fluke, but it stuck. He went to university that year, under the direction of W.A. Macdonald, the former Ottawa mayor, a training ground for public servants. Bouey's classmates included John Young, later to become chairman of the metals and minerals commission. Peter Young, currently ambassador in Washington, Rod Gilly, chief negotiator at the trade talks in Geneva, Gerry Skoner, formerly deputy minister of Transport, and David Slater, formerly president of York University and now a senior official in the Department of Finance. Then, as now, Bouey was quiet in class, save for the occasional very interjection. But when the grades were counted at the end, Bouey stood first.

After Queen's, Bouey went directly to the Bank of Canada, the institution that now 30 years later and at a salary of \$75,000, he heads. As governor, he stands for "sound money" and against inflation. But the passage of time and hardships of office have not wiped Thiasucka and the Depression from his memory. He is angered by suggestions that he might be insensitive to the jobless. "I don't know why anyone would be interested in economic policy," he says, "but I am terribly concerned about unemployment." He says, "I don't know anyone who doesn't feel we should try to run our system with as little unemployment as possible. This argument is empty over the means to achieve that objective. My own feeling is that we're neglecting the importance of inflation, not if we don't. Inflation itself has been a major cause of unemployment."

BY NIGEL BAKER





George, we've got to stop printing this

point" at the country's expense by printing down and ghosting images of the country. The elections from 1962 were unimpressive.

As the emergency debate drew to close the early morning hours a began to deteriorate because of his last-ditch gambled performance. Conservative MP Allan Rockman (former strategy-guru of Ontario, called Chretien a liar and especially attacked the Finance Minister's heavy French accent and manner of speaking out of one side of his mouth, the result of a childhood illness. In fact, a scorching Chretien questioned Lawrence's sincerity.

All the smoke only served to obscure what was really happening, which was none too clear to begin with. No one would risk what had triggered the latest decline in the dollar. Clark blundered in on Chretien's "vices-fighter" approach to politics. Chretien suggested that the Tories were to blame for spreading a rumor that they were going to blow open another government scandal—now leader Ed Broadbent used the fall of the dollar was "more or less a direct response" to the fiscalist, laissez-faire government Zarnke specialists.

More easily explained was the long-term decline of the dollar from a high of \$1.50 in 1976 to its present level. Quite simply, Canada has been raising a huge deficit—more than four billion dollars—in international payments in each of the last three years. That deficit results from heavy travel abroad by Canadians and from increasingly high interest and dividend payments to foreign investors. Remarks from Mr. Ken

Leggett: "We are paying the absolute standards too much rent."

Indeed Canada now owes the rest of the world more than \$50 billion, a colossal sum that, on a per capita basis, exceeds the debt of any other major industrialized country. Profits earned on exports used to offset this debt, but now Canada is on the way to a major loss of becoming money just to pay the interest—naturally a source of increasing concern in Ottawa.

Too extent the problem is self-correcting. As the dollar falls in value, imports and foreign travel become more expensive and less attractive to Canadians while exports become cheaper and more desirable to foreigners. But a falling dollar also boosts the inflation rate setting off new wage and price hikes that make exports more expensive again. At the same time it makes debt repayment even more expensive. Thus some economists oppose devaluation as a means of setting the economy right in the long term.

There is also no universal consensus on how to deal with the dollar. Many Canadians think their dollar should be worth the same as the U.S. dollar and when it is not, believe something is wrong. Thus the pejorative adjective "weak" is used to describe a 90-cent dollar. "We should have called the dollar something else," laments economist Eric Korman, the former cabinet minister and advocate of an 85-cent dollar.

The dollar may set fall to 85 cents. The Bank of Canada and the government insist they are not trying to peg it at 90 cents, al-

though they have intervened twice, once last October and then again last month, when it appeared to be slipping significantly below that level. On both occasions, they say the intervention was aimed at restoring confidence in a shaky market. And, on both occasions, they rejected the more permanent prop of higher interest rates.

The reluctance to raise interest rates has baffled some analysts in recent weeks, but it is entirely consistent with the Bank's "monetarist" approach to the economy, adopted under Bouey. Under that approach, popularized by American economist Milton Friedman, the Bank's flows the exchange, interest and unemployment rates to find their own levels. It concentrates instead on controlling the money supply, the measure of all the currency in circulation, and money in checking accounts. Once the money supply is under control, say the monetarists, inflation will be curbed and, because they see inflation as the root cause of unemployment, the number of jobs will be held in check as well.

Monetarist theories used to rest only in textbooks. Keynesian economists, who see unemployment as the prime sign of public policy, represented the orthodox view and held government office. Monetarists were considered heretics and labeled as interventionists. Bouey himself used to debunk monetarism. But that was before the combined inflation depression of 1974-75. After that economic horror, Bouey and others began to look again at monetarism.

The Bank of Canada adopted a monetarist approach with little fanfare in mid-1975. "For more than 20 years almost every country in the Western world has given rapid growth and high employment much higher priorities in its policies than the preservation of the value of money," said Bouey in a subsequent speech. "This approach seemed well set again a while, but it never took well any longer."

Milton Friedman was delighted with his new convert. "It is a marvelous speech," he gushed. "It is the best speech I have ever heard central bankers give. I would have written it myself."

Such flattery points from the monetarist guru into Bouey because of the implication that he himself is a monetarist. He echoes the label and says the Bank's embrace of monetarism was "pragmatic rather than doctrinaire," as if doctrinaire change of interest rates or unemployment got out of hand. It has often been said that it is not possible to adhere long to a monetarist policy in an open economy like Canada that depends on exports and imports. Sooner or later this crisis will hit the Bank will have to make the interest rate to the face of a falling dollar regardless of what monetarist doctrine prescribes. The next few months should provide the test and show where doctrine ends and pragmatism begins, in the Bank's new approach. JON KAPLAN

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Left to right: Seated around the kitchen table are: Pat Barry, David Craig, David Green, John Green, Wally Crouter, and Henry Shannon. Standing behind them are: Wally Crouter, David Green, and of course, Wally Crouter with his morning cup of coffee.

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## What would you do if a Greek fisherman handed you 22 pounds of fresh squid and walked off with a grin and a wave?



Frankly, we didn't know what to do. But the kids did. They marched us down to the nearest taverna and asked the owner if he'd mind preparing them for us. Mind? He just smiled and took them away. After a few friendly drinks, a lot of gabbling and laughing, we were all sitting down to a gourmet meal: my family, the owner's family, and several of the taverna's patrons. It was a great evening. We met Greeks like that everywhere we went.



This is Santorini, where white-washed villages sit on the rim of an old volcano, craggy cliffs. A rocky by night. We took 150 dollars (just over \$100) in black, but we had a lot of fun.



Crowning this hill is the Palace of the Grand Masters. We took pictures from its towers.

We began with Rhodes, home of the Infidel Colossus, one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World. We found the medieval Palace of the Grand Masters, then picked up a hill overlooking the city, where the fragrance of orange groves, scrubbed, the breeze, and when we first saw the piazza.



This place is typical of Greek side-alley craft shops, its waters—and its view—spilling onto the street.

On the volcanic island of Santorini, we arrived by boat, then chartered a donkey to take us up the sheer, steep cliffs. (I paid money—bumpy ride). According to legend, this is the ancient name for Santorini, was really the site of Atlantis.



We found this Minoan mural in Santorini—a forefather of our television friend?

These steps lead up to the Acropolis of Athens. Its lush, landscaped grounds dotted with priceless works of art.

The longer we stayed in Greece, the more difficult it became to leave. With tales in tow from the countryside, the climate, and especially the people. We're definitely going back next year.

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# Lifestyles

## Hold the verses, hold the bread, hold the thou

In simpler days, he would have been a Togo Cat booster, roasting through Toronto on a memorable Grey Cup weekend cheering for beer and women with well-groomed hair. But this fellow—an otherwise average Hamilton resident—regularly rents a hotel room close by a Toronto wine bar

called Vines, and spends most of his weekend as its coaxed-but friendly confidant, sampling three or four different bottles of very good wine. The Hamiltonian, whose Vines manager Tim Lovelock describes as a teacher in his late twenties, makes his pit-grape once each month. His appetite

could have been a social embarrassment to his wife as little as a decade ago, now the verses alone, and they consume in a single weekend nearly half the 1.4 gallons the average Canadian drinks in a year.

There is no question this couple could find thousands of counterparts, for during the Seventies Canadian wine drinkers have finally come out of the cellar to be seen and counted. Toronto's wine bars attest to this: there may be as many as nine come tonight—as does the spread of wine bars in Vancouver and Montreal. For the most part, they're filled with ordinary wine drinkers who have found in the grape a few alternatives to the happy hour's mug of beer, the martini sipper, or the after-theatre scotch.

Not everyone has the pocket to fling as much as \$10 a liter. Margaret Peterson, owner of a 1985 Mercedes. But for every drinker who deftly handles the funnel, candle and decanter supplied with fine vintages by the better wine bars, there are thousands of others who enjoy bottles for less than \$10, and thus different ways by passing their drinks—paid for by the glass—around the table.

Lovelock was living in Thunder Bay, Ontario, when he discovered his loved wine. He confirmed it by making a wine list in England before taking on Vines when it opened 14 months ago, so he's the last to see anything surprising in his fellow Canadians' newfound taste. "As a nation, we are by nature curious," he says, "and wine is nothing if not the new toy—one you can't stop once you've begun."

Proving this is an inevitability for wine drinking are people like David Wright, a 48-year-old Saskatoon lawyer whose lively interest in wine has led him to acquire a cellar of some 90 bottles. Overcome at last is the fastidious horror of taking food or drink for purposes other than sustenance—notably for that wretched stimulation of the taste buds which the usage of the wine connoisseur. But most notions of boric, unimpaired evokes. Even now, the usage of the wine drinking from his domestic slouch at port possess. These fortified wines once commanded two thirds of the market and kept Canadian wineries profitable, but 75% of all wines consumed today are table wines.

Still, wonder that, in running this greatest of vases serves, Canadians have sought safety in the light, bubbly wine that don't carry the stench of the cellar though they have been given names such as Fiddle Duck, Cuckoo Goose, or Punny Wif's Berry Patch. For more than three years, the best seller in Canada, accounting for seven million bottles each year, has been one such "punny" or "nod" wine, a blend of red and white grapes sold by Amigos as Baby Duck.

Even in Newfoundland, where con-

Lovelock sampling port in his cellar at Vines. Come fill the cup that links our minds of past regrets and future tears



scrimps is still the lowest though sales have more than tripled since 1979 (to 270,000 gallons last year), there's evidence of the nation-wide trend away from soft flavored grape drinks with a more mature appreciation of wine. The German-type aromatic white wines are as popular there as in Ontario, where a brand called Black Tower sells nearly 3,000 cases every week. In British Columbia and Alberta, wine has been promoted by that least likely booster, the government. The markup on wine has been reduced in both provinces two years ago, as lowered it to 100% on imports and 46% on its wines; it only to make it a better buy than liquor, and then encourage retailers to reduce prices negotiated with gusto and now drink more wine than people in any other province—two gallons a year.

As beer and liquor wars, it's no longer unusual to find wine labels like George MacRae of Charleston, who maintains a small library on wine history and connoisseurship and keeps up to date through publications such as the three-year-old Canadian magazine, *The Wine Press*. Like its parent, "guaranteeing" wine divisions, MacRae's 35-year-old retail arm, acquired the basic strong overseas with the slogan "It had my first wine during the campaign in Sicily," he recalls, "and though it was only a cheap Marsala it got me started." His "rich" lot of some 60 bottles in a downtown third floor bedroom includes a few Chateau Lafite and one pinot, a \$40 bottle of Moscatel Ruchelshel. "But I've never been a connoisseur," says MacRae. "Blackbird me and I wouldn't tell you if it's a French wine or Italian."

The wine industry is being attended in a different direction by Donald Pitt, a very investor in Burlington, Ontario, who packages a wine called Wonder Wine. It yields a gallon of wine for \$4.89 "as wine as a color can make you feel." Pitt is selling his product through supermarkets because he believes drinking with a meal "should be a right, not a privilege." Wine too must promote much the same notion—not the older food and gourmet clubs but the new ones like Vancouver's Les Bons Vivants. It has been around for four years now to get its members the best wines at the lowest cost. Nearly a thousand people made selections from the club's annual bulletin last year.

While the Canadian enthusiasm for wine has some of the trappings of a fad, Ontario's liquor board, for one, predicts that the "fad" will only grow stronger. It expects consumption to increase by nearly 50% over the next five years. And Peter Caswell, publisher of *The Wine Press*, intends to spread the old word of the border by opening a wine bar in New York—that city's first-by any estimate, before extending his chain to Atlanta and Washington. At one wine bar patron walked, "It's clearly a case of the Little Apple takes a chunk out of the Big Apple."

KARLSPERGER

## Health

### Diabetes: there may be life beyond the needle

At 36 Harry Harrington looked like a non-diabetic. For a Charlottetown building contractor—59 pounds spread over a five-foot-eleven frame. Lack of muscle didn't bother him as much as feeling tired all the time. Then he broke his arm. His doctor took one look at him, ran a few blood tests and gave him the bad news. He is one of 500,000 Canadians who suffer from diabetes, a disease whose long-term complications include heart and kidney disease, blindness and cancer. Though researchers the world over have been scrambling for years to come up with a cure, so far only one project has reached the stage of successful experiments with humans. A research team, headed by Dr. Bernard Leibel and Dr. Michael Altschul at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, is close to perfecting an artificial pancreas, a portable plastic package the size of a small pump. But before that invention can even be tested, the team may be ready with a version big enough to be implanted permanently in the body.



LEIBEL

Harrington (left), the 'real boss'—note the 'blood' and 'need' controls on the bottom right side—and an 'artificial' backup (right) start of something great



Harrington, now 31, heard about the team's project a year ago and brought in Burlington, just a short drive from Toronto, volunteered to be one of the first guinea pigs. He was tired of the well-rehearsed routine of injecting insulin twice a day to counteract the diabetic breakdown of his pancreas. At best, injections only roughly mimic the body's low-constant. "Your energy levels go up and down," says Harrington. "You peak with the shot and you're tired the rest of the time."

Within two weeks of volunteering, he was hooked up to a plastic "organ" two by four by six inches in size. Strapped under Harrington's shirt, with a tube connecting it to a catheter in a vein in his arm, it pumped insulin into his bloodstream according to a pre-programmed design determined by closely monitoring Harrington's insulin needs on a special computer. To get the extra insulin needed to aid digestion, he plugged into a "renal box," reaching up to control to "renal" or "insulin," depending on how much he felt like eating. "I was only hooked up for two weeks, but I felt invincible," he says, "much stronger and more cheerful than usual."

The prototype of a further miniaturization—a pillbox-sized "implant"—has reached the stage of experiments with animals. Though Leibel is confident that the

last looks in its development will be worked out soon, he refuses to estimate when either the pump or the pillbox will become available for widespread use. But, he adds, what he seems to accomplish so far is "a darn sight better than just dumping a puddle of insulin under the skin."

TERRY DOUGLAS

### Heartily recommended

Edward Andrews and his wife, Beatrice, were planning a second honeymoon in the Canary Islands two years ago when the retired coroner collapsed on the floor of the prospect office with a heart attack. A month later Andrews, then 60, was admitted to Toronto General Hospital to participate in a good Canadian-U.S. study of heart attack victims involving the drug nitroglycerine, sold under the trade name Astarte. The question: whether Astarte, long used to treat post, would be effective in preventing death from a second heart attack, particularly in the crucial 12 months after a seizure. Preliminary results, published in February, are remarkably affirmative: there was a 45.5% difference in the death rate among patients taking Astarte and those taking dummy pills.

The study marks a high point in 15 years of research led by Canadian scientists such as Dr. Frank Meisner, now dean of the Faculty of Health Sciences at Hamilton's McMaster University. It was he who first suggested a connection between Astarte and preventing heart attacks. In the early 1960s, he showed that blood platelets (tiny cell-like particles in the bloodstream) clump together and trigger a process that causes blood clots, a chain of the arteries that leads to heart attacks. Meisner then found that Astarte could prevent the platelets from clumping together. Since that recent the drug would help maintain normal circulation of blood through the heart, he speculated that it might help heart attack victims.

Results of the test, conducted since 1975 on 1,475 coronary patients in 36 medical centres across Canada and the United States, are good news to heart attack victims like Andrews. Of the 100,000 Canadians who will suffer coronary this year, 4,000 of the 40,000 survivors will die within 12 months of being released from hospital, likely from a second attack. Given the odds, the emotional strain on patients and their families may in itself be life-threatening. Worried about a second attack "not wear on you," considers Andrews.

While doctors continue the two-country study, heart experts are already speculating on whether the drug can be used as a form of preventive medicine. Notes Toronto General cardiologist Carl Backus: "I find it talking about a person who's full of cholesterol, smokes like a chimney, has diabetes, high blood pressure and a bad family history, putting him on something like this is certainly something to consider."

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# Justice

## Suffer, little children, suffer and be still

In comparison, Solmes had it easy. All he had to do was determine which of two women was a baby's mother (which he did by suggesting that the child be divided in half—thereby bringing the true mother to submerge her child). But in this case, recently before the Ontario Family Court, there were four lawyers arguing over the same 11-month-old girl. The mother, because of her legal child-hood had legal representation. So did the child's aunt and uncle, who wanted to adopt her and keep her in the family. Disputing the claim was the Children's Aid Society, which was performing the traditional role of seeking a court order for temporary custody. It wanted the child put up for "interim" adoption. But the Children's Aid Society had taken an unusual step. It had asked yet another lawyer, Robert Klames, to represent the interests of the child herself—even though she had no rights in separate representation. Here was negotiation, not just children's human beings with rights, but also those rights are protected by law.

In the end, the judge accepted Klames's recommendation that the child be placed with her relatives. But what is significant about the case is not the decision as much as its indication of the extent of concern among judges, lawyers and child welfare groups that many of Canada's eight million youths are at risk under current laws. Children's rights advocates say that in a dual contrast to the myth of a child-entitled culture, the days of Dickensian despair for children are not so far behind us. The legislation that supposedly protects children is inadequate, discriminatory and often at odds with the interests of the children themselves.

Awareness of child neglect, beating, starvation (in custody disputes) and other forms of bad parenting has grown so acute in recent years that in March 1974 the federal government commissioned a major study on children—the first release from the study—the Canadian Council on Children and Youth. Project director Barbara Chisholm, one of Canada's foremost proponents of children's rights, has long called for amendments to laws to secure a voice for children in decisions directly affecting them. Others have called for passage of a children's bill of rights. But as an important, says Chisholm, is an altered consciousness of children. They must not be viewed as the property of their parents but as individuals.

"We want very badly to believe biology cannot compete in parents with its attitude of goodwill toward their children," says Chisholm, "—that just isn't true." But

that assumption is at the root of laws which guarantee adults the right to live free from aggression while abandoning children to the arbitrary authority of their parents. Reinforced by society's historical tendency of attitude toward the family, this doctrine has led to tolerance of violence against children and reluctance to do away with the expression "child abuse." Says Mary Van Stolk, author of *The Abused Child in Canada*: "The child who dies a painful death at the hands of an attacking parent is a murdered child. It is as if an adult child any more than the police officer who while interfering in a domestic argument is an abused officer." Her observation that a parent is more likely to be indicted for suffocating their child for breaking a child's leg is supported by the fact that the

Children (right) and an illustration from "Oliver Twist" (below) show we come a long way from Dickens' dog, but not far enough.



maximum fine for child abuse in Ontario—\$500—is only half that for non-smoking smokers under Toronto's non-smoking bylaw. While several provinces have moved recently to increase penalties for abuse and failure to report suspected cases, two provinces—Prince Edward Island and



New Brunswick—lack mandatory reporting laws.

Children's rights advocates say a child's best interests are not always protected by his parents or, in default, by children's aid organizations acting as surrogate parents on society's behalf. They say that society now ignores the fact that a child's wishes if he is able to articulate them or interests only compete with those determined for him by others—in his case tragically illustrated in Ontario recently during a series of highly publicized cases of child neglect and abuse leading to death. In each case evidence of prior abuse had been simply documented by child welfare authorities and then discovered in an effort to "take history" the parents. One child, Kim Ann Papp, was a ward of the Lambton County Children's Aid Society until parental supervision when she died of head injuries at the age of 19 months. Her parents were jailed for manslaughter. Lenora Gossard, a social work professor at McMaster University, "It's tragic that a child has to die to make a point."

The point argues Gossard, is that we are no longer able to sustain the notion of parent as king. While questioning the paramount right of parents in any way is just meant to raise the issue of parental rights, behind questions must children's child's child's rights supporters, says the child's claim to emotional and physical security must come first. But she adds, it is a misconception that children's rights supporters are demanding equal rights for parents and children. "Children are not mini-adults," she says. "There dependence upon adult care and benevolence is not only necessary, it is right and proper."

Even children's rights advocates would disagree with Toronto lawyer Roger Tones that "believable attitude changes" are the key to achieving rights for children. But many, such as Alexander Hagen of the Alberta attorney general's department, see an immediate need for legislative action guaranteeing children the right to independent legal representation in custody disputes and in cases of child abuse and neglect. Ontario Social Service Minister Rick Nash recently proposed amendments to provincial child welfare legislation that would permit children legal representation in Family Court hearings.

The need for revamped laws seems to have replaced much publicized demands for passage of a children's bill of rights. Reintroduced in 1975 by both the Liberal and Conservative governments, the Royal Commission on Family and Children's Law and the Association of Social Workers, the concept has been abandoned in favor, unrealistic and unworkable. Besides, as Vancouver law professor Russell MacDougall says, "It is society that values and respects in children a bill of rights for children is unnecessary. In a society that does not value or respect its children, it is unlikely to be effective."

JOHN DOBBS

# Television

## Mr. Goodbar rides again



In a sherry sing-along a glitzy, polyester night knocks out a swanky supper as couples greet their baddest together on the dance floor. A girl sitting on the sidelines wags to the beat but eyes remain glued to the crowd for a new Mike

Julia and Carter taking a musical break but will she respect him in the morning?

McGuire. A boy with a mustache being shoved into the door by a bouncer. The girl rushes over, pun him and goes through the boy's and says "Let's get on the floor." The sequence is immediately set for *One Night Stand* the film adaptation of Carol Bly's play which will be aired March 5-5:30 p.m. on the network.

Although the story began much like the thousands of other pre-credits that take place in bars and disco every night, *One Night Stand* is a comedy that has that pack-a-punch. The couple make out on the way out to the girl's friends apartment, they exchange notes in the elevator, and in the evening, 30 minutes later she goes through a process of panic, self-loathing, lies and denial. The film's backdrop (the car's back) is a comedy of errors and a comedy of errors. The film's backdrop (the car's back) is a comedy of errors and a comedy of errors.

After the broadcast the film will go into theatrical release abroad and in Canada, which marks a unique deal marriage between the public television network and the private film industry. Noted director

Allen King (Warrensville, A Married Couple Who Has Seen The World and comedian Stanley Collier both own the play when it was drawing sold-out houses in Toronto and were immediately attracted by its movie potential. Rather than deliver separately for the film rights, the CBC paid fees with Allan King Associates and paid up 50% of the estimated \$100,000 fee. It is now the network received the rights to run the film twice to a national audience. For King the deal meant a chance to work in television. His company would also run the feature. Film rights King is hoping *One Night Stand* will follow in the wake of the career gold mine in Canadian movies and he has no compunction about releasing it to Canadian theaters after the CBC showing. "The CBC didn't even let it be filmed," he says, "we hope that the TV broadcast will act as a stimulant for the feature release and generate word-of-mouth interest." If *One Night Stand* succeeds in this odd scheme, it could mean further co-productions between the CBC and the film industry.

Playwright Carol Bly, 36, is unimpressed by the mutually commercial nature of the production. "Some people don't think a play can be Canadian if it's entertaining," she says. "We have shied away from Broadway standards for too long." A hard-

walking, distressed woman. Bolt has written a dozen plays in the past five years. His earlier works dealt with historical material—the Mills (Gabe) and Frank women (Shirley)—but steadily his work has become topical, current and in a word interesting. Long a devotee of the popular thriller, the playwright looks upon *One Night Stand* simply as an exercise in mastering a tricky technique. "Otherwise it's uninteresting," he says. "It's just a story about two people who meet and fall in love and it's a bad ending. I wanted to write something like *Shrek*, with just two characters."

Boyz can cut up with Duzy (played by Chappelle Jefe) and Kafi (Brian Carter), the lovely black teller and the footloose singer. They are an unlikely romance. Duzy is a Wisconsiner (like Bolt), a fully conventional girl who works in the completely surreal confines of a TV bank. Her exuberant lover runs away each time his family obligations, and when no one shows up to celebrate his birthday Duzy goes out and finds Kafi. He's a charming loud, a fugitive from the Grand Old Opry who's a spiritual heir to crooned Duzy wants to get into. They're both such and the phone rang automatically. What is supposed to be a quirky thing takes some extra twists and turns.

Close to Spent is *Looking For Mr. Goodbar*, which charts the background to a densely Manhattan pick-up, Carol Bolt's work centres in on a segment of the population usually considered too colorless by our dramatists: the urban middle class. "We're accustomed to think of Canadian drama as either rural or period," says producer Collier. "One Night Stand could happen at any large Canadian city." DAVID McCARTHY

Julie and Carver after something terrible has happened: I've let nothing happen to me.



## Films

What's up, Doc?



It's all paying the price for meddling is things that don't concern her. Ms. Quaresima

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Directed by Michael Crichton.

from a writer-novelist. Based on a novel by Dr. Robra Cook, adapted for the screen and directed by former dance master Chabrous, the film deals with a big Boston hospital in which an antibiotic young woman suffers a deadly allergic reaction to an excessive number of healthy young people go into irreversible coma after risky operations. Nothing around with undimmed objectivity, the unconscious plot—revolving a black-market operation in growing organs being auctioned off in the biggest bazaar around the world. Musical. The hip-hopist boomers are onto Dr. Susan, who prescribes and delivers even more.

As used in such movies, no one believes that deathly agonizing death—among those dismissing her as a charming, bothered sister boyfriend—a smooth young medieval ditherer. To tell you cause of the plot would be worse than unimportant—either like taking candy from a baby with one hand while, with the other, pushing a blind beggar into a busy intersection.

What makes *Come* more interesting than its creaky and far-fetched plot is, first of all, that the good Cook and the admirable Crichton both know enough about medicine and hospitals to provide atmosphere and dialogue whose authenticity

paradoxical talents: a girlish intensity with a womanly mystery, with intelligence crossed with lyrical sensitivity, and a natural aloofness in the midst of feigned availability. Let us hope that this film conclusively establishes her as the star she always was under a cloud of stupid scripts. And there is excellent supporting work, especially from Richard Widmark, Rip Torn, and Elizabeth Ashley, all of whom dip as boldly into the humor as into the measure of their roles. It is high camp, and very smart as good as not at all.

## Auto-neurotic

THE

Directed by Daniel Finken

The only memorable character in Harold Robbins' ingenuously novel of the automobile business, *The Berry*, was a young woman named Candy, for whose four-track recordings of racing cars screaming across the finish line, Moshing from huge speakers, were mandatory to ensure moments of heightened sexual excitement.

That tells you all you need to know about the book and it says much about the movie that Cindy has been written out. What's left is a jaded and humdrum yarn about three generations of Detroit auto-makers beating each other over the head in the attempt to create a revolutionary new car.

Old Louis Hardeman (Lawrence Oliver) is shocked with it and sends his grandson, Louis III (Robert Downy), to meet interested in selling a pharmacy from Hong Kong and sportswear from Korea. Louis hates racing driver Angelo Persico (Tunney Lee Jones) to build The Benz. This intrigue we see to believe is fraught with danger and soon Persico is his protection as he has a secret, which are very

As you might guess, a good deeper than most, really between a young man who wants to sell girlfriends and an old man with a Henry Ford complex. Lamon III's father, it turns out, was something less than a chip off the old block. In flashback to the Thirties we learn that not only was Lamon the Second (Paul Raul) a draftee for Detroit's other unto minorities, but he also chose to hang around with a race who was



wild events and velvet smoking jackets and had a penlight for candle snafus.

At this point, the plot coagulates. Loretta the Second's mistress (Katharine Ross), chancing upon Old Loren raving in his dressing room with the French maid, turns to her father-in-law for advice of the same—thus being, after all, a Harold Robbins story. Janice, understandably distraught when everything comes to light, blows his brains out with his young son a wide-eyed witness; the next, if ever there was one, he is before us, buried.

Meanwhile, back at the zoo plant in the Seventies. And it goes on like that for over two hours, with the occasional reader thrown in to relieve the sexual tension. Makes you wonder how they found time to build this.

The film directed by Nova Scotian David Peirce, is handsomely mounted—as it should be with a six-million-dollar budget—and John Barry's score is notably lush. Peirce gives Oliver just the other actors at ease on the set but David (The Family's incoherence in *The Godfather*) and Jones (no good as Howard Hughes on TV) seem equally missed as it is in *swc*. After Oliver, the most interesting person in *swc* is Lady Aileen, the mother, uninvited. "What's the most beautiful town in the world?" she asks. "The one where you play Lady Roberts." In the most stunning film presence since Ava Gardner was young, Down adds both intelligence and haughtiness; the woman would have had a lot of fun with Candy.

RAY MONROE

Down (below), Olivier and Jones (bottom). If only they could harness sexual drive

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He who lives by the word sometimes dies by it

Master Myers, senior vice-president of a huge Toronto advertising agency, is a far more sophisticated writer than Kelly. His prose has a slick, glib quality that is much easier to belch than to savor. Myers also has a curious preoccupation with genitalia. His first book *The Assignment* dealt with a ruffianism determined to expose himself to as many people as were possible.

Bruce doeser sometimes too clever by half. Myers sounds a note someone like Norman Macdonald can play to perfection. But played on a lesser level of accomplishment the note sounds slightly flat. Myers is talented and his style becomes more and more polished with every book. Yet

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# Religion

## The good and faithful servant

"I must admit that my journey through the dark shadows is not the way I would have chosen," wrote Jake Pluta in 1976. "But if God intended my suffering to help fulfill his purposes, I can only echo the words of the great Psalmist of Israel: 'As for God, His way is perfect.'"

Pluta's journey through the shadows was well documented and crisscrossed by long. Early in 1972, Pluta's widow, wife MaryAnn, was found severely injured seven months after taking a prospective client to see some country acreage 25 miles south of Edmonton. The discovery brought earned monies for her husband, father of two and at the time, a University of Alberta sociology student, an overpowering sense of loss and relief that his personal ordeal had ended.

"For those seven months I missed whenever the phone rang, thinking it was news of MaryAnn," he said. "Maclean's" "It was weight, couldn't sleep and dropped out of school." Not did the crank calls help, voices in the night tormenting him with false claims that they knew his wife's whereabouts. Through it all, Pluta turned to the Bible and prayed daily, taking strength from the religious convictions he and MaryAnn had shared.

Drawing on his memories, strengthened by religious faith, Pluta decided to write a book about his experiences while recovering from public-killer surgery. He called

it *Valley Of Shadows*—and four Canadian publishers rejected it. Undaunted, he paid a New York vanity house \$5,000 to produce 3,800 hard-cover copies under pseudonym, and sold about 1,100 of them.

Here his luck turned. One of the copies fell into the hands of Neil Foster, a novelist in Beaveridge, Alberta. Foster picked *Valley* to add to a line of religious paperbacks for his Harvest House, a religious press. To date Pluta's book has sold 15,000 copies, and a new Harvest House edition in the United States is planned.

*Valley* is no literary gem: tragic and compelling as its story line is, it stumbles on awkward phrasing, and far all but the devoutly religious there's an overabundance of spiritual messages. Yet its popularity is not surprising. The religious book trade is enjoying terrific business, and the 2,400 Christian bookstores in North America report a 23% sales increase in the past year, says the National Religious Book Association. Ken Taylor's *The Living Bible* (15 million copies in four versions), Hal Lindsay's *The Late Great Planet Earth* (over 10 million), Marjorie Holman's *I've Got To Tell You Something* (over 1 million).

Book-trade experts say the devotional written—which include such celebrities as Anita Bryant, Charles Colson and Dale

Evans Rogers—are crisscrossing to eradicate society's moral cancer. Jake Pluta, by now 41 and a painter in an Edmonton construction firm, had a different motive. "I wanted to tell people that no matter how dark things are," he said, "they can sometimes think if they have faith."

To that end, Pluta started to give talks on Christianity to anyone who'd listen. Last year he gave lectures to 112 churches and five groups, and on February 11 he was scheduled to speak to the Christian Women's Club in Cranbrook, as he had assumed again, and just before their Cranbrook date his second wife Marion wrote Maclean's "We would appreciate very much if you could tell us in your review of Jake's book if we are found to."

The letter arrived too late to tell them. Both Plutas were among the 42 who died in the flaming wreckage of the plane just as Cranbrook early in the February 11 afternoon.



Pluta (right) and the crash that ended his terrestrial life (below)—myriadous ways.



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# No, our premiers aren't totally inept. There's one thing they're very good at

Column by Allan Fotheringham

*Prem is the greatest aphrodisiac of all.*

Proof? There it is, scoured like obedient schoolboys around the homesthe table at the federal provincial conference on the Economic Plan that was upragging on your afternoon soap-opera-uncertainty. Who would have suspected the lot that belts beneath all those bland husband faces and safe, sincere wae? The 10 premiers who would represent us in all things, poss- orts of the common sense, are most in- common in one field. They are enemies of Zero Population Growth, clear violators of the 2.5 children norm. They crash through these doctored guardians of our fiscal af- fairs, all the stammered averiges on what counts as the Canadian. Backroom Queens.

Look at these! Messrs of Newfoundland: eight kids. Lynn of Manitoba: five. Reginald of Nova Scotia: five more. Dynes of Ontario: five. Longshore Bennett and Lib- erty: four apiece. Even the laggards, Le- rome and Campbell, have three. (Mr. Trudeau, please sit at the left-most seat, and obviously shamed into catching up with his peevish partner had three in four years.) Even those in the bubblehouse of Hatfield of New Brunswick, that escape- ous wilderness a host of 4-1, quite clearly men who establish in a group the valour of the Kinsinger doctrine. Power means progress. The state has serious business in the bedrooms of the state.

There are other things one notices when meeting, close up, in these straitened, who run us. There is a certain look—center not to them—LeRomeque made—a look of political futility. These men are the back- orts of the country, they send wood and woe's Bennett, their feet feel most- ible compass. These boys have their differ- orts on their tongues. Let's peer behind the mirror.

Bill Davis of Ontario has a dog which once the back seat out of two cars. Not the usual, black-green, shaggy dog. His was hidden at the baby's foot of his three. Former Sunday school teacher. His just grew up his Tacron cigar (too much the image of a peff) for the constant in- orts of a pipe. Has been Tory premier since 1971, he's 46. A shrewd. A dis- ortsment for his failure to achieve On- orts' mantle of leadership on the Quebec issue. Doesn't want Darcy McKeough in second line.

Stanley Lyon of Manitoba is glorified with the middle name of Rylee. Not con- sidered too rare to get by other names. A stock hawker, call Trudeau's "a closet social- orts" who owns "a mid-Atlantic Califor-

nia." So far to the right he makes Bill Bennett look pink. Can remember the gloom in his family when K. B. Bennett was defeated in 1953. He was right, he's 51 now. Tory premier since last fall.

The only bachelor, Dick Hatfield of New Brunswick, is the most sophisticated of the premiers. Talks intelligently on books, films, the theatre. When he was 13, poured tea (asked across John Deffenbacher's desk. Banned to politics. Started in medicine but decided he couldn't stand blood. Only crown of Canada served in Truman Capote parties. Tory premier



since 1970, he's 46. Speaks up forcibly on Quebec. Loves to party late. Great golf player. A son of the world, spent his first vacation as premier dining alone through Morocco.

Bill Bennett of British Columbia is 21 seasons' drunken skeleton on a trans- ortsational river and decided he didn't want to waste his life. Didn't have a drink again till he was 28. Tough-minded. Only premier who's never been to university. A matriarch. While seeking out to make a fortune in hardware stores, would skip on the same furniture as right. Second Child premier since 1975, Mr. Woe is 45. Best current athlete of the lot, frenetic across player and dogged pugilist. Tightly string. Probably has feared Tory ambition in future. Holidays in California and Hawaii with three kids.

Strangely enough, René Lévesque is the only premier who's been in a war. Joined the U.S. Army as war correspondent. Saw Munich's body blasted by the bombs.

Crossed the Rhine with Patton. Bores much of his belief in an independent Que- bec, and his operational observations. Could read at four. Tried to cross on a child to prevent his fighting with English chil-

dren in New Cuzine. He's 35, premier since 1976. Kicked out of law school for smoking by Louis-Philippe Pigeon, now a Supreme Court of Canada judge. Needs a barber. Superb, mercenary mind. Le- vesque of Paris. "Only in Canada could a man so intelligent not be prime minister."

Alan Campbell of Prince Edward Island is the only premier who outdates Trudeau. Just 44, he became Liberal premier in 1966, eyes of a pensioner. Second of the group to have a father as premier (the next is the other). Blessed with Hatfield as a frater- nity house at Dalhousie. Sensible.

Most expensive wardrobe (owned by the Shark of Calgary, Peter Lougheed). An- nounced to his grade four class he would be prime minister. Peter Potemkin has no advisers just talking bodyguards. Was paid \$500 a session as beach warden on Anticosti Island. Edmonton. Edmonton. Was best athlete of the premier as a youth. Totally organized. Howard paid 48, 1000 premier since 1971. Really close to Toronto and all a premier—out of family experi- orts. Not successful in federal ambitions. Disappointed by not using his position to ex- tend a hand toward Quebec.

Gerald Regan of Nova Scotia, following in the great tradition of Robert Bennett, brought his own barber to Ottawa confer- orts. Actually, what he needs is hair. For- mer sponsor. Also at Dalhousie with Hatfield, Campbell. Premier says he's 49, born Liberal premier since 1970. Likes to play hockey. At the table's prime dinner for premiers, when the three Trudeau sons were produced, Regan got down on all fours and played hockey.

Talbot premier is the youngest, Frank Doyle Murray of Newfoundland. Born to wealth from one of the business fam- orts that dominate the island. Late- orts. Newbie sons, sent away to school. St Andrews and Boston University. He's 45. Tory premier since 1972.

Bennett premier is Allan Blakeney of Saskatchewan. Looks like a younger Mike Bennett. Even has first touch of a lip. Fourth premier to come out of Dal- housie—where he was raised on a no social- orts after coming from good Nova Scotia. Tory family. First, somewhat bromeliad, likes French impressionists and reads Agatha Christie. Bertrand Russell and George Gurney for the clarity of their thought.

Not sure you want to share (what) with us, we're talking, intermingling and foot rub head. Dr. Kinsinger's showed de- orts. In one way, these guys are better than you.



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